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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1881.

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The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited,) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in adwance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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#### TEMPERATURE

as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Pame Street, Montreal. THE WEEK ENDING

Nov. 20th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880			
Max. Mon 40° Tues 40° Wed 36° Thur 48° Fri 52° Sat 31° Sun 28°	•	39° 36° 5 38° 5 40° 5 48° 5	Mon Tues. Wed.	Max. 35° 33° 35°	Min. 25° 25° 21° 28° 26° 19°	Mean 30° 29° 28° 33° 31° 25° 5

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THE WEEK.-Mdme. Gerster Gardini-Patti in New York-A Ridiculous Scene-Ross and Hanlan Again -The Voltaire on Yorktown-Advantages of the Elevated Railroad.

MISCELLANEOUS.—News of the Week—Our Illustrations -- "Quire Singers" - Echoes from Paris—Musical and Dramatic-Sea Weeds-A Barrow of Primroses A Race for Life-Frederick Douglass - The Bow String-Beppo-An Extraordinary Affair-Got the Bills Mixed-Echoes from London-A Knight of Any Century-Queen Anne's Son-Flirts Varieties Humorous-Our Chess Column.

#### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

There is a prevalent idea in certain quarters that a newspaper is run entirely for pleasure, and that such sublunary questions as money never enter into the proprietor's consideration. It does not probably require a very elaborate argument to prove the falsity of this notion. A newspaper, like every other business, is run upon business principles. Moreover, it requires a large sum of money to support the daily and weekly expenses of a paper, an illustrated paper especially, and unless the money is regularly forthcoming in the way of promptly-paid subscriptions, the proprietors are compelled to provide for heavy outlay without corresponding

The moral of which is, that a newspaper is dependent not only upon the number of its subscribers, but upon the regularity with which their subscriptions are paid. We need large sums of money to meet our weekly expenditure, and we naturally look to those who are in our debt to supply them.

We ask, then, all those who are indebted to us to send us the amount of their subscriptions without delay. Do not say "Four Dollars is a small sum; it can't make much difference to the ILLUSTRATED NEWS if they have to wait a little for it." Four Dollars is little enough, to be sure, but a thousand times four dollars is a respectable figure, and there are nine hundred and ninety-nine others in the same position as yourself. Moreover, if you are in arrears, there is an additional reason why you should settle them without delay. The subscription to the NEWS, which is only four dollars, when promptly paid, becomes four dollars and a half when neglected, and those who leave their subscription unpaid have only themselves to blame if they have to pay the additional sum for expenses of collection and interest.

Save us, then, the annoyance and trouble of collecting the money: remember that future of this paper, like all others, is in your hands. It is your money that must support it; it is your help that must improve it; it is your fault (if you don't pay) if it is not all you would like it to be; it will be your doing if it is good enough to satisfy you and the public generally.

In conclusion, we beg earnestly to request of all those who owe us for subscriptions that they will remit the amount due up to the first of January next without fail, Assuring THEM THAT UPON THEIR PROMPT ATTENTION TO THIS RE-QUEST DEPENDS, IN A GREAT MEASURE, THE FUTURE OF THE PAPER, AND IT MAY BE ITS VERY

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 26, 1881.

## THE WEEK.

THE music-loving world of Montreal had an unusual treat last week in the appearance of Mdme. Gerster-Gardini at the Queen's Hall. It is not often that we have the chance of hearing an artiste of Mdm. Gerster's excellence. Moreover the company she brought with her was far above the average of those which usually accompany a musical star, and is in strong contrast, from all accounts with the support which Mdme. Patti has brought with her to this country. We shall not attempt to criticize the pregramme. The musical critics of the city have already done their worst over it, and Mdme. GERster can only be criticized by comparison with artistes of the same rank whose visits to Montreal are unhappily few and far between. Enough to say that she sang as well as ever, and that the singing of the whole company, if we except one member of it, was far above the average of what we are accustomed to hear. If some of our friends were more willing to learn and less eager to criticize, we would say to them: "Listen and admire when you get the chance, and be thankful, without opening your own mouths." A nod is as good as a wink, etc.

OF Mdme. Patti's appearance in New York it can only be said that the result has by no means equalled the expectations, as far at least as the receipts are concerned. If Madame Patti had come to the United States under engagement with the ring of managers which is gradually and certainly acquiring the control of the amusement business of the country, she would have made a great financial success. But she had the temerity to try, at least, to make for herself whatever profit there might be in the undertaking. She has tried it, and is probably by this time convinced that America is the last country in the world where even superlative artistic merit stands any chance whatever when brought into opposition to one of those monopolies that New York delights to foster. As a matter of fact the public of New York do not by any means flock to hear the diva. Mdme. PATTI was offered an enormous sum for her services, and is probably by this time regretting that she did not accept it. It is true she has done the worst possible thing in the selection of thoroughly incompetent managers, and that she has brought a poor company. It is true that the prices are high, though no more than is paid in London on similar occasions. Still, all allowances made, the result is a disappointment.

However, be it said, what the public lacks in numbers it makes up for in enthusiasm, though enthusiasm displayed as it was on the night of Mdme. Patti's first appearance militates rather against her than for her, since those who had charge of the ridiculous ceremonial, in which the diva herself declined to take part, succeeded in wearying the patience of the audience, if not in the roughly disgusting them; and the would-be presenter of an enormous wreath, with which Mdme. Patti wisely declined to be crowned, was greeted with shouts of "turn the fool out, "we've had enough of this nonsense." Mdme. Patti is a great artiste, and America should be justly proud of her, but there is a legitimate way of showing such pride.

Those who expect to see a race between HANLAN and Ross may be disappointed after all. According to agreement, the race was set down for November 15th, and Hanlan had expressed a desire to row upon Crève Cœur Lake, near St. Louis, being impelled to this decision, as he acknowledges, by the offer of \$2,500 and

ing Ross more money to row on his fishunless he be allowed to name the place of upon being expostulated with by the specmeeting, generously agreeing, however, to tators, remarked that he only obeyed his divide the profits. What has become of orders. "Even though you had killed our old ideas of sport. The noble art of the man?" "Yes," he replied indifferentrowing seems somehow to have got in- ly; "I had to obey my orders, even if I extricably mixed with the equally noble had killed him." It would be interesting art of money-making. Poor Hanlan. to know whether this view of the matter Why should he not be left in peace to his would be taken by a Grand Jury, on a legitimate occupation of beer-selling in- trial for manslaughter. Quien sabe? They stead of being bothered with challenges manage things differently in New York to row for championships and things of from our old-fashioned ways. such comparative unimportance.

It is curious that so polished and wellbred a nation as the Erench cannot resist sacrificing good taste to a sense of the ridiculous. The French journals are filled with witticisms at the expense of the recent reception of their delegates at Yorktown. However American customs may compare with the higher degree of refinement and ceremony to which their visitors were accustomed at home, there seems to be but one idea outside of Paris as to their reception, and the whole nation seems to have vied with one another to do honour to the national guests. Under these circum stances the description the Voltaire gives of the French view of the matter, however witty its readers may find it, is not calculated to promote the entente cordiale between the two nations which was, we presume, the main object of the ceremony itself. The French guests, says that eminently French journal, were hurried about like Cook's tourists in Paris. They were taken to see railways running on stilts—the aerial railways of New York; they were introduced to a coarse, uncouth functionary, rendered yet more ridiculous by his uncouth uniform, distributing twenty-seven shakes of the hand without saying one word, because he knew not one word of French. They saw the still unfinished Brooklyn bridge, incomplete after ten years' work; scores of generals; the huge ferries on the Hudson, famous for their collisions. They saw the famous firemen manœuvre, when only two men were killed; they went to Niagara, &c. All this is in the worst taste, and to convict a Parisian of an error in good taste should be the bitterest of rebukes.

Poor Haydn. Austria wants a new national hymn. Nevertheless it seems doubtful whether, even in response to the offered prize of 1,000 florins, any modern musician will come forward with a composition superior to that masterpiece of the composer of the Creation, the possession of which other nations have long envied them. But it seems HAYDN is out of date in Austria, or else the loyalty of the new generation has been developed a the expense of their musical bumps. Probably something by WALT WHITMAN, with music by the Prophet of the Future is the kind of little thing they need. Only they'll have to get "Wat" to leave out the first person, and WAGNER to score the parts a trifle lighter than usual. There will be some merit at all events in the new idea. Such a composition as that suggested will take the average street boy some time to learn, and will require a barrel organ of phenomenal construction for its proper performance. But we may be sure that the gamin and the organ. grinder will triumph over it in the end, as they have surmounted the lesser difficulties of "God Save the Queen" and "Yankee Doodle."

If the account which the Hour gives of a recent occurrence on a Third Avenue elevated train be substantially correct, the rai way in question would seem like all things human, to have its failings. A passenger, it is said, grasped the gate at the moment it was closed by the conductor and held on, expecting the latter to open it. There was ample time to admit the passenger, but the conductor rea share of the profits by the owners of the fused to do so, and when nearing the end railroad connecting St, Louis with the of the platform dealt him a blow which

He may live without love—what is no po out decerving the end But where is the man who can live without dining?

-Owen Merideth.

lake. Somebody, however, has been offer- felled him like an ox, thereby saving his life, for in another moment he would have pond, and Ross has refused to row HANLAN fallen into the street. The conductor,

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MASSACRE and famine in the Transvaal. SMALLPOX is epidemic at Dayton, W. T.

RAILROAD traffic in Central Russia has been interrupted by snow.

CARDINAL NINA has been appointed to succeed the late Cardinal Caterini.

THE Russian army is to be reorganized on the German system.

FIVE hundred persons are dying daily from cholera at Mecca

THE Canadian fleet has been moved into its winter quarters.

THE Irish Land Court has 45,000 applications before it.

THE Pacific National Bank of Boston has temporarily suspended.

THE Russian Lieutenant Subanoff, arrested for supylying Nihilists with dynamite, is said to have been executed secretly.

THE population of the United States is 50,155,783, an increase of 30 per cent in the decade. The recent census cost \$4,400,000. THE speech from the throne of the Emperor

of Germany has created much equitement. There were rumours that the Emperor had resigned.

Another French company has been formed to work the phosphate mines in the county of Ottawa. Two thousand men are already at work in the various sections.

THE village of Elm, in Switzerland, is threatened with extinction. The summit of the peak overhanging the village is moving.

A WARRANT is out for the arrest of Mathieu Valery, late director of the Marseilles Steam Navigation Company, for swiudling the Company out of immense sums.

A BATCH of registered letters at Hatton Gardens, London, supposed to contain watches and diamonds worth £40,000 have been stolen.

TENATS are withdrawing their notices to the and Court on account of the favourable arrangement made between landlord and tenant on the Brown estate.

THE Mikado of Japan has issued a proclamation announcing the establishment of a consti-tution with representative to come into force in

IT appears that the fire on the steamship Severn was caused by the bursting of a barrel of naphtha, the cargo consisting of spirits and

A FARMER in ('ounty Kerry was hauled out of his bed by an armed band, and having acknow-ledged paying his rent, was fired at five times and severely wounded.

A PROMINENT citizen of Sydney, New South Walesf offers £500 as a prize in a rowing match on the Paramatta River for the Champiouship of the world.

MR. Pugsley, barrister, of St. John, N.B., on behalf of himself and others, has purchased several housand acres of land from the Syndicate in the Souris district. The object is to locate a New Brunswick colony there.

A DISASTROUS collision occurred on Lake Erie last Saturday week, resulting in the sinking of the schooner Carlingford, wheat laden, worth about \$20,000, and the splendid new iron steamer Brunswick, valued at \$150,000. Four persons were drowned.

## HUMOROUS.

An Irish doctor declares that for invalids the only safe climate in Europe is North Africa.

MAIDEN lady's quotation slightly altered from an old aphorism, "Where singleness is bliss, 'tis folly to be wives.

A POONAH paper contains the following description of the suicide of a young woman: "She ended her virtuous life in the cool retreat afforded by a convenient and umbrageous well."

EVERYTHING HIGH.—A young lady who is doing the A.ps, reports progress to her guardian: "I tried to climb the Matterhorn; didn't reach the top. It's absurdly high; everything is high in this country. Please send me some money."

Please send me some money.

We nay live without poerry, music and art,

We nay live without conscience and live without heart;

We may live without friends, we may live without books,

But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?

He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?

He may live without love—what is passion but pining?

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our cartoon this weak speaks for itself. If Guiteau be allowed to make his miserable plea of insanity avail as an excuse for the suffering and sorrow he has caused, the manifest failure of justice will shock all right thinking men more than a dozen executions of such as he.

A TRIP TO MUSKOKA .-- Muskoka is a very pleasant place to spend a holiday and very easily reached; by leaving Teronto in the morning one arrives at Orillia at mid-day. Orillia is quite a thriving town and very prettily situated on Lake Conchiching and opposite about three miles distant is the beautiful Conchiching Park. This locality is the highest in Ontario and very healthy, the name Conchiching means "Lake of many winds." There is a steamer which makes the trip round the lake every afternoon touching at Rama, the Ojibbeway Indian settle-ment Washago etc. There is a capital boat-house and plenty of good boats for hire; on a Summer's evening the lake is alive with small boats. Sometimes there are entertainments at the public hall which help to pass the evenings. The limatic asylum is very prettily situated on a point of land jutting into the lake. There are two ways of reaching Muskoka from here, either by water up the lake to Washago, and then by train to Gravenhurst, or by train all the way to Gravenburst, the terminus of the Northern Railway. Here we take the comfortable little steamer up lake Muskoka, going up the Muskoka river to Bracebridge: the river is very beau-tiful, winding so much that it is a matter of wonder how a steamer could take such sharp turns. At Bracebridge in the center of the village are the south falls. On returning down the river we go up the lake to Port Carlin where are the locks separating Lake Muskoka from Lake Rosseau. At Port Carlin one can also take a steamer to Lake Joseph a capital place for camping. However, our steamer goes straight on to Rosseau situate at the head of the Lake where is a village with a church and two large hotels: Pratt's Hotel standing on a high cliff just above the landing and commanding a beautiful view of the Lake. Here there is a pretty boat house below the hotel where one can procure a boat and tow up the Shadow River where every tree is reflected in the dark smooth water. The fishing is very good, plenty of bass and pickerel etc. Altogether there are few places pleasanter for a summer's outing.

Tun illustrations represent the following places. On the first page: -1. Conchiching l'ark Boat House, Pratt's Hotel; 3. A choice spot for pickerel and pike; 4. Onllia Lunatic Asylum; 5. Shadow River, Rosseau; 6. In Couchiching Park : 7. Pratt's Hotel, Rosseau. On second page :-- 8. Lake Rosseau from the Hotel; 9. A concert at Orillia (the antimacassar in the corner was torn out of a newspaper); 10, Orillia from the Lake: 11, Orillia, Lower Town; 12. On Lake Muskoka; 13. Lake Couchiching; 14. Boat House at Orillia.

As the elections approach, the candidates are hard at work canvassing each in the way that to him seems best. In our illustration is depicted the progress of the popular candidate, who does violence to his refined feelings by kissing the babies and chatting with the inmates of various unsavory tenements, whose bad odor does not prevent the influence of their immates at the

We give with this number two noteworthy art illustrations, the "Mignon" of George Hom engraved from a photograph taken in Berlin, and the bronze group entitled "A ferman in the Roman circus" by Max Klein, a remarkably powerful piece of modelling which has attracted considerable attention from its force and truth-

CHARGING THE MOR AT LIMERICK .- The rioting in the streets of Dublin on the Saturday, Sunday and Tuesday nights following the arrest of the Land Leaguers, resulted in the wounding of a number of the Metropolitan Police, and a damage to horses and other property amounting to \$15,000. In Limerick the rioting was, to a certain extent, more despende, although there. When you sing a solow shake the artefishals was comparatively little damage done. The off your bunnit, and when you come to a high Scots Greys quartered in the town had to charge the streets cleared, as the police barrack was in triphle, and then put in for dear life.

When the preacher gits under hed assailants. But the rioters were completely his preachin', write a note onto the blank leaf quelled, and since then comparative quiet has of your note book. That's what the leaf was prevailed.

FIRST RAGE FOR THE " AMERICA" CUP .- . The first race in the series of contests for possession of the Queen's Cup won many years ago by the yacht America, now belonging to General Butler, was sailed on Wednesday, November 9th, a large share of interest centering in the Canadians loop-yacht Atalanta, which was built expressly for this contest. The competitors were the Mischief. an iron sloop-yacht of the New York Yacht Club, and the Atalana of the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, and the course was the usual one sailed by the New York Club. The racers were accompanied by the schooners Tidal Wave, Norseman and Social, the cutter Oriva, the steam-yacht Ideal, and about half a dozen other The steamer Sirius, of the Iron Steamboat Company, went over the course, carrying a large number of spectators. At a signal from [ the judge's boat, the yachts crossed the line, the Mischief leading the Atalanta about a minute. The tide was about at the top of the flood, and

the wind blowing in puffs from the west. The Atalanta and Mischief carried only their main-sails and jibs. The Canadian had a reef in her mainsail. When well outside, the Atalanta ran up a sprit topsail, but afterwards took it in. The distance between the Mischief and the Atalanta ranial in the distance between the Mischief and the Atalanta ranial in the distance between the Mischief and the Atalanta ranial ra lanta stendily increased, and the Gracie, which was testing her specasteadily overhauled them both. By the time the Southwest Spit was reached it was all up with the Atalanta. The wind, which had shifted a little more to the south, was now blowing a good steady breeze, and the yachts were enabled to carry more canvas. They stood out for the Sandy Hook Lightship in good style. The race between the Gracie and the Mischief furnished most of the excitement, though the struggles of the Atolonta with some of the buoys was watched—through a glass with considerable interest. The Mischief rounded Sandy Hook Lightship first, but the Gracie gained on her at the run in, and passed her off the Scotland Lightship. From the point of the Hook to Buoy No. 10 was a dead beat to windward, and the Mischief passed ahead again From the southwest ship to the finishing point, however, Gracie took the lead and crossed the line ahead, beating the Mischief by 6 min. 27 sec. corrected time. The long-forgotten Atalanta came up half an hour later. The time as taken at various points, is as follows:

	Start.	Buoy No. 10.	Light Ship.	Buoy 10 Return	Finish.
Mischief Atalanta					

The Gracie was not, of course, in the race though her time was taken. The actual and corrected time was as follows.

Actual Time	Corrected Time.
Mischief 4 h., 17 m., 9 sec. Atalanta 4h., 48 m., 27k sec.	4500 1 000 1 000 1000 1000 1000 1000 100

The Mischief allowed the Atalasta 2 minutes and 45 seconds. The second race was sailed on the following dpy, the same yachts competing, and the Grace taking part as before. The result was a second defeat for the Canadian yacht, and the retention of the cup by the American yachtsmen. The following table gives the result of

	Start. H. M. S	Finish . H. M. S	Elapsed . Time. H. M. S.	Time.
Mischief		4.53,16 . 5.35,19	4.54.53 5.30,32	6,54,53 5,33,47
Gracia,	12, 16, 30	5.63.66	4.54.35	4.59.31

The Mischarf, therefore, wins the race, beating he Atalanta 38m. 54s. She also beats the Gracie on corrected time 4m. 38s. Our illustration shows the Mischief turning the stake-boat on the first race.

## JOSH BILLINGS ADVICE TO THE "QUIRE" SINGERS.

The first thing to make a good quire singer is to giggle a little. Put up your hair in curl paper every Friday nite, soze to have it in good shape on Sunday morning. If your daddy is rich you can buy some store hair; if he is very rich buy some more, and build it up high upon your head; then get a high-prised bunnet that rmes up very high, at the high part of it, and get the milliner to plant some high grown artefishals onto the highest part of it. This will help you to sing high, as sophrano is the high-

est part.

When the tune is given out, don't pay any attention to it, and then giggle. Giggle a good

Whisper to the girl next you that Em Jones, which sits on the second seet from the front on the left-hand side, has her bunnit with the same colour exact she had last year, and then put up your book to your face and guggle.

Object to every tune unless there is a solow in

it for the sophrano. Coff and ham a good eel before you begin to sing.

When you sing a solow shake the ortefishals tone brace yourself back a little, twist your head the mob with drawn sabres, and to use their to one side, and open your mouth the widest on weapons in sharp carnest, before they could get; that side, shet the eye on the same side jest a

When the preacher gits under hed way with made for. Git somebody to pass the note to somebody else, and you watch them while they read it, and then giggle.

If anybody talks or laffs in the congregation. and the preacher takes notis of it, that's a good chants for you to giggle, and giggle a great cel. The preacher darsent say anything to you bekaus you are in the quire. If you had a bow before you went into the quire, give him the mitten-you ought to have somebody better

Don't forget to giggle.

## ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Ir oppears that the septuagenarian M. de Lesseps is about to be presented with his ninth

Seconds have been sent to arrange a meeting between the Prince R. and Count de S. The latter being obliged to leave France for a short times do not seem to have had much effect in Toronto, Ont.

time, the duel will obligingly be postponed till diminishing the value of pate tendre. Corners

A GENTLEMAN takes a fiacre, and says to the driver: "To the Lyons railway station!" driver regards him with emotion. Arrived at the fatal spot, he grasps the traveller's hand and says, in a broken voice: "Farewell!"

MILE DE LA GONDARA is about to be married to Prince Delgano. Gil Blas, the fashionable Paris paper, gives a full description of the ex-tremely glorious wedding dress the bride will wear on the eventful day,

M. IVAN DE WORSTYNE, a distinguished sperial of the Paris Figure, has been engaged by the New York Herald to represent that journal in Russia at a salary of nearly £5,000 a-year, all expenses, and the assistance of two American reporters.

THE son of M. Rochefort has been attacking the Manager of Le Zeramma with his cane, upon which the manager turned upon young Rochefort and made the result just the reverse. This is a pleasing variation of the duello now so frequent, in fact, it is impossible for a person who wishes to have a quiet walk and meditate, to go into any of the forests near Paris, owing to the noise of the clashing of duelling foils.

At Pay the opening of the theatre and of fox-hunting are announced to take place simultaneously on November 5th. Several members of the hunt have already arrived, and the first general meeting is announced to take place in the course of a few days. It is proposed to install a tennis-court in the Parc Beaumont, to be erected by private subscription. Two well-known Paris markers are to start the new court. The cost is estimated at about 100,000ir.

A rencontre with pistols and balls is to take place on the frontiers of Switzerland, near Pontarlier, between two distinguished members of high life, the one diplomatic, and the other sporting. We think that the stigma of excessive thin skinnedness and a nasty quarrelsome disposition must eventually fix itself on Parisians of the upper circle; surely the unwritten laws of gentlemanly conduct should be enough to stop insolence and put down petulance. The last extreme should only be for the most painful social wound, and we are sure that none of the cases of duelling we have lately heard of are on this

A QUESTION interesting for travellers in France has been solved. In entering a railway carriage ought a gentleman to raise his hat to the occu No, say some; for, though you have paid your fare your companions regard you, for a few seconds, like an Irish land proprietor in the eyes of the Leaguers-an intruder. The majority favoured the politeness. Not so on entering a café or a restaurant; as well expect your raising your hat on entering a circus. Doing politeness under such circumstances causes the individual to be viewed as a timid soul, or being run to earth by etiquette.

## VARIETIES.

CHORAL INEPTITUDES .- Rev. E. P. Tenney, the genial and witty president of Colorado Colege, was at one time the beloved pastor of the Congregational Church in a sea-coast town in Massachusetts. To eke out his salary, his people gave him a donation-party, among the presents being a fine new dress coat for the pastor, and a tasty bonnet for his better half. On the following Sunday, as they walked up the aisle in their new habiliments, the choir inadvertently struck out with the authem, much to the discomfiture of the sensitive clergyman and his wife, "Who are these in bright array !"

A NEIGHBOURLY FAMILY .- A family from down in Indiana moved into a house on Second Avenue recently, and before night had borrowed tea, sugar, eggs, and kerosene from as many different neighbours. After three or four days the new family ceased to borrow promiseuously, and settled down on one particular neighbour. At an early hour in the

peared and said:
"Say, we are out of tacks and want to put down our earpet. Ma wants to know if she can

A hunt was made and the request granted, but in ten minutes the boy returned and said:

"Say, we've mislaid our tack hammer, and ma wants to borrow yours.' He got it, and this time it was twenty min-

ites before he returned and said: "Say, ma's pulled all her teeth out pulling on that carpet. She wants to know if you won't lend her one of your boys,"

One of the boys was sent over, but it was an obstinate carpet, and back came the messenger

with:
"Say, ain't your husband home?" "Yes; what do you want I

across a hall.

"Well, ma's mislaid her husband somewhere, and she wants to borrow yours to pull one end of that infernal carpet through two doors and

The line had to be fixed somewhere and it was fixed here.

LADY PROOT'S SMASHED TRA-CUPS .- Hard

in overstock d cabinets can always be found for what is rare and excellent; while even fragments of really fine cups and saucers are fetching as good prices, to say the least, as unchipped hina of secondary quality could ever command. Recent records of the auction room may bring comfort to the sorrowing owners of broken porcelain who have prudently saved the pieces. Henceforth, when cruel fate, personified, by the housemaid, dashes to the ground a Kioto dish, a six-mark Nankin jar, a Dresden shepherdess, a Capo di Monte shell, or a relic royal Sevres, let not despair enter the bosom of the bereaved connoisseur. Lady Pigot was the possessor, among many art manufactures equally beautiful and scarce, of an old Worcester tea-service, which was occasionally in use, and which consisted of eight cups and saucers and a little teapot. One fatal afternoon the footman, in carrying out the tray with these charming objects upon it, tripped over the lap-dog, or the rug or some unlucky impediment and sent everything flying. The effect of this awkward mishap was that the entire service, excepting one solitary cup and four of the saucers, was smashed to atoms. So hopeless appeared the wreck that, though it was carefully gathered together and preserved, no attempt was afterward made to unite the fragments. There was nothing among them so prescutable even as those "broken teacups, wisely kept for show. Which on the chimney glittered in a row," as chronicled by Goldsmith in "The Deserted Village." Last week, at a sale of her ladyship's effects, the single cup and four sancers realized something over £90, while the broken pieces brought the the remarkable solatium of 50 guineas. - London

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

A STATUE to Bellini and another to Verdi have been inaugurated in Milan.

M. ROUZAUD, Christine Nilsson's husband, is

THE "Professor" is a success on the road. Crowded houses are met at all points.

THE Jubilee Singers closed their engagement here on Saturday, having done a large busines

MARY ANDERSON, who is playing at Cin-cinatil to enormous houses, will appear at the Academy shortly. A DRAMA founded upon Lord Beaconstield's

omantic tale of Alroy is about to be played in a Berlin

A NEW theatre is to be creeted in London, under the direction of M. Marius, who upon its completion is to undertake its management. W. S. GILBERT is to write the libretto of a

new comic opera, the plot and incidents of which are to be exclusively American. ESMERALDA is a grand success at the Madison

Square Theatre, New York. Eight thousand dollars were spent on the scenery. "ONE Hundred Years Ago," says the New York Dramatic News, was played for 'one consecutive night" at Yorktown and proved a failure.

THE "Doctor of Lima," a new play by Morse, which Janauschek has been playing in New York, has seen condemned by the critical press.

MISS GNEVIEVE WARD has been shed by Mr. Wallack for producing the play of 'Forgat-Me-Not' in the United States. She claims that she purchased the right to produce it wherever she pleased.

MDLLE. KELLOGG is positively going to be married to a Philadelphian, rich, divinely handsome, aged under forty madly in love with her, who has followed her from town to town, and from continent to

THOUSANDS suffer untold miseries from nexyous weakness, pain in the back, and other destressing symptoms arising from disordered kid-Burdock Blood Bitters is the sovereign remedy. Trial bottles 10 cents.

ATTENTION is called to the following letter from Messrs, E. Hooper & Co: "Mr. J. Webb, Toronto. Dear Sir, -Having so long sold your Goldsboro's English Remedy, we can confidently recommend it, knowing it to be a bond tide medical preparation of true efficient and vious. The numerous sufferers from theumatism, liver and kidney complaints who have bought it it us. speak in the highest terms of its effects. It is pleasant to deal in so admirable a medicine. We remain, yours truly, E. Hoop r & Co., 43 King street west, Toronto, Nov. 18, 1881.

SIGNING A DEATH WARRANT. - Many people sign their own death warrants by a foolish and continued disregard of the preliminary symptoms of disease. Being in other respects in average health, they look upon their particular complaint at the outset as of little import, flattering themselves that "it will get well of itself." this is in many instances a fatal delusion is conpicuously shown in cases of lung disease. Beginning with a mere irritation in the throat this malady too frequently terminates, through negleet and bad treatment, in fatal tuberculosis or bronchitis. Remedy the evil while there is vet time with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which applied outwardly and taken inwardly, produces the most beneficent effects. Physicians classify it among the most salutary of known remedies, and in addition to evidence as to its virtues as a pulmonic, experience has shown it to a reliable curative of rheumatism, neuralgia, pilos, kidney complaints, soreness and tumors. Sold by medi-cine dealers. Prepared by Northrop & Lyman,



MIGNON.-FROM THE PICTURE BY GEORGE HOM.

## "THE MISSING LINK."



"Mrs. B— requests the pleasure"— Mr. Jones o'erjoyed will be— "Half-past nine, to tread a measure; Come in time. R S. V. P."



Jones his best dress shirt must put on, Extra polish on his hair, "Hang it, there's that collar button Slipped my fingers I declare."



Take the lamp and search the carpet, P'raps it's fallen in the grate; Hurry up my friend, look sharp, it Will not do to be too late.



'Neath the bed he dives despairing—
Lots of old eigar sumps there—
If he's not exactly swearing,
Well I think that I should swear.



Tragic grows the situation—
Nine o'clock already past,
"Where's that button? Sure my patien—
c' I shall surely lose at last."



"Where's the pincushion, I ll fix it— That one's broken, what a beast— Botheration how it pricks—it Must be half-past nine at least."



Hasty, flurried, hot, perspiring, Late, he reaches Mrs. B—'s Friends at intervals enquiring If he don't feel quite at ease.



Sulks disgusted in the entry
Wishes he had never come;
Tires quite soon of playing sentry
Makes his bow and hurries home.



## SEA WEEDS.

Alone with the senls there never a voice
To return my heart's deep sigh!
Alone with the sea.—
And the moon and the stars That illuminate you lowering sky!

Alone with the sea -What the secret of her nurest! Alone with the sea I could throw myself And weep on her heaving breast!

Alone with the sea-

n.

The tempest went from the ocean wave, And passed along the white sand; A gentle breeze awoke in the south, And hastened across the land ; And hastened across the man, And kissed the tear from the restless wave, And the sigh from the sounding deep. And one sign from the sounding de And soothed with the softest fullaby. The ocean at last to sleep.

The stars are bright in the sky to-night, And the moso looks over the sea; But deeply impressed within my lone breast, Is a vision more lovely to me.

I hear the lave of the rippling wave, And a whisper from every tree.

But over my soul a music doth roll,

That is sweeter than all to me.

Or the mountain low lie the clouds like suow, d a silence comes over the lea; a holier calm like some heavenly baim Is falling to-night upon me

How beautiful now is the neaven's pure brow.

And the glore on land and sea:
But the inconlight stream of my fancy's dream. Is dearer than all to me "

## " A BARROW OF PRIMROSES."

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#### HOW THE ROMANCE BEGAN,

Chancery Lane is not a very likely spot for a romance to have its beginning. There is no postry about it. It is a long, unsightly, dreary street filled at certain times of the day with noise and bustle enough, as white-wigged barristers harry along the narrow pavements, their hands filled with briefs and law papers, or business men run down on their way to Fleet street, or the traffic of carts, and cabs, and omnibuses, and such plebian vehicles, wend along to the wider thoroughfare beyond.

A group of barristers were standing one Spring morning under the gloomy archway leading to Lincole's Inu. They were wigged and gownest and talking eagerly together of some case of p-culis interest which was occupying the pub-lic mind.

"Here comes Heron Archer," exclaimed one of the group. "Looks as if he had a power of work on hand, doesn't he "

The young man alluded to was walking leisurely along. He saw the little knot of talkers, and recognizing two with a careless nod was about to joss by

"Stay, Archer," cried one. "Have you heard how Crev vs. Word is going on! Your friend has not a leg to stand on,

Have you turned him into a Greenwick pen sioner already " asked Archer with a smile, as he toused besi 'e the man who had addressed him. Heron Archer was a tall, well built young (ellow of some six and twenty years, with nothing very remarkable about him save his nowerful figure and a certain good humoured expression of calmness and determination about the face. The clear gray eyes and short-out hair and drooping non-tache were just the characteristics of many an Englishman, and it is probable that in a crowd no one would have thought of singling him out as being in any way better looking or more remarkable than his fellow-men.

Yet be was so unlike most of his friends and associates as to have wen the appellation of "eccentric," and almost everyone who knew him declared there was something about the young man odd and Quixotic, and queer, though he was a clever tellow enough all the same.

hven now, as he stood listening to the clatter of his friends, his eyes were roving to a barrow heaped up with mass s of sweet pile primroses, and then to the face of the boy selling them and while he appeared to be listening to the in-tricacies of Cray vs. Wood his thoughts were speculating as to how many of those bunches the boy would sell in such an unlikely locality as this where men had no leisure to listen to nature's messages sent from mossy banks and dim green woods, but thought only of work and money getting. "You should have heard l'ullins' sprech,

said Herbert Gray, a rising young hirristet. "It was first-rate—the neatest thing I ever listened to. There can be no question as to the issue of the case now. I wish you had been in court. You are such an idle dog. Why, bleas the man !" he exclaimed in amazement, " where's he run off to ! I—by Jove—the boy's down!"
"What a plucky thing!—see, he's got him

out!" exclaimed the aroused Puffins. hold him. Let's go and help.'

And regardless of dignity and wigs the four friends rushed to the scene of the accident.

How had it occurred ! How do street accidents ever occur! It was all so quick -so andden. The boy had been standing by his barrow a moment before, a subject of speculation to Heron Archer's wandering thoughts. Some one had beckened him across the street. Without looking right or left be darted across the street and the next instant was lying under the hoofs of a horse. Quick as lightning Heron Archer had seen the danger and rushed to the rescue. His strong arm was on the reins. He forced the animal back on its haunches, to the imminent danger of occasioning a new catastrophe by the upsetting of the hansom cab to which it belonged, and he slipped like an eel through the plunging hoofs, and was safe on the pavement ere any one could recover presence of mind enough to give assistance. So far well. But the hansom cab had an occurant, and that occupant was a lady. When the horse was released it showed many signs of ill-temper at the treatment it had received, and reared and snorted and shook its head, and altogether behaved in a manner quite unbecoming a well-broken London cab horse. Perhaps he was new to the

The Isdy became alarmed. She appealed to Heron Archer. "Ask the man to stop," she cried. "This is a horrible animal. I have been frightened to death all the time I have been in the cab."

Her face was very pale. Two frightened eyes met the calm glance of the young barrister. He needed no second bidding.

"Stop," he said sternly to the man. "You are a very careless driver. You had no business to come dashing down a street like this at the rate I saw you!

The man made some sulky rejoinder, but he stopped his steed at that peremptory order, and Heron Archer assisted the lady to alight. She trembled very much.

"Allow me to pay the fare," he said gently, then sternly demanded the fare and settled it with another caution against such driving as had occasioned the catastrophe.

He then turned to his companion. She looked better now; the colour was returning to her cheeks.

"Thank you so much," she said gratefully, as she handed him the money he had paid. "Whe e is the boy! I am so sorry. I do hope

he is not hurt."
"He is over there," said her companion, pointing to where the hero of the event was already the centre of a sympathizing and admir-

ing crowd.
"I should so like to speak to him- to know

he is not hurt," she said eagerly.
"I will bring him here," said Heron Archer. "The crowd is dispersing, you see. An! there omes a policeman now he is not wanted."

He crossed over to the boy. "The lady wants to speak to you. She is atraid you were hurt," he said.

"No, sir, not a bit, thanks to you," said the lad gratefully. "I don't believe I've got as much as a bruise."

The crowd began to melt away as suddenly as it had risen.

The hal, with the dust and mud of the road on his torn clothes and bare arms and face, looked anything but an inviting object; but the lady's face was full of sweet compassion and sympathy as she questioned him and heard in course of time, many more of the events and troubles of his life than that one accident.

She got his address and bought as many of his primroses as would fill her backet, and paid him treble the value of her purchase.

Then cutting short his thanks and blessings she turned to the spectator of her gentle charity, and with a grave bow was about to pass on. But Heron Archer was not so minded.

" l'ardon me," he said abruptly. "This is a rough neighbourhood for a lady. Can I be of

any further assistance to you?"

No; I thank you," she said graciously but firmly. "I know my way, I am close to Lincoln's Inn Field, and I shall meet my father

He could not say more. He would have given anything to have detained her-to have heard the sweet low voice-to have gazed again into the soft shy eyes, but he had no pretext to delay her. He could but return her bow and watch the graceful figure vanish through the gloomy archway, taking with it-for him-all the sunshine and brightness of the young spring day.

That was how the romance began.

Heron Archer went back to his chambers in the Temple, and then sat himself down and tried to bring his mind to the work he had to do, but surely no work in the legal profession entails the perpetual drawing, on every available sheet of paper of a fair girlish profile, which was the sole use of time, lingers and brains that Heron Archer made that morning. And none I the drawings satisfied him. He tote them all up in disgust at last-all, save one sketch, weich displeased him less than the others. That one he locked away in a drawer of his writing table, and then in a most unsettled frame of mand he put on his hat and vent out to get some lunch.

"I wonder if I shall ever see her again?" he

chought impatiently.

It was strange for a face to haunt him so. He was not a man who held women of much account, or ever troubled his head about them : "See how that horse is kicking-he can't out now, suddenly, he could not put this pale

had one weakness it was for a perfect sweet-toned woman's voice, and he had never heard one like this.

How it lingered on his ear all through that day! How many times he found himself gazing into vacancy, wrapped in a vague dresm, yet always having that same soft music floating through the mists of imagination and thrilling his whole soul with its spell!

"Pooh, this is all nonsense, I shall forget her to-morrow," he said, with angry impatience, as he sought his couch that night. He had forgotten other women so easily—had cared for them so lightly, why should it not be the same now! Why! Well, he could not answer that question; he only knew as to-mor-ow, and yet to morrow passed on, and days came and went, and the busy hum and stir of life was about him, and he did his usual work, and tried to appear his usual self, that there was a difference somewhere in it all.

Nothing was the same quite. The flavor had gone out of life, and it was dull, insipid, com-

One evening he bethought himself suddenly of the barrow of primroses, and remembered also that he had the boy's address. He resolved to go and see him; perhaps the girl had already done so; he might hear of her, learn where she lived. The thought was delightful. He put it into execution without less of time.

It was about 6 o'clock when he left his chambers and went on his errand. Such visits were nothing new to him. He had a score of poor pensioners on his bounty, and did more good in his quiet unosteutations fashion than many a millionaire with his pompous donations. For there is so much more in charity than mere money than the actual momentary relief of bodily necessities. A kind word, a token of sympathy, a smile of encouragement, an outspoken appreciation of manly efforts to fight against the ills and temptations of life-all these which cost little to the giver, linger longer in the min i of the recipient than the gold which is pompously offered and considered as more than equivalent for any other expression of sympathy.

After half an hour's walking he found the court he was in sear h of. It was dark and foul, and full of misecable tenements, at one of which he paused and knocked.

A thin siatternly woman came to the door. " Does Jack Murphy live here!" he asked.

"Yes," answered the woman, surveying her visitor with evident motion.
"Is he in t can I see him?" he continued.

The woman regarded him doubtfully.

"The last hasn't been doing anything wrong, has he !" she questioned auxiously; " or maybe you'te one of them School Board chaps agin."

No," he said with his pleasant smile. "Both your suppositions are wrong. I only want to see if Jack has got over the effects of his accident the other day. Are you his mother!

"Yes. Are you the gentleman he told me of, who kept the horse from running over him?" she exclaimed with sudden eagerness.

"Yes.

"Oh, come in, sir, pray, if you do not mind our poor room. Jack has always been talking of you. He's all right, not a bit hurt. My! won't he be glad to see yor!

Heron Archer followed her into the close, dark room at once. He was accounted a fastidious man, and one whose artistic taste was rarely at fault, but there was no sign of disgust in his tace as his eyes roved over the dirt and disorder around, and people who declared they hardly dared invite him to their tasteless, inartistic rooms for fear of his cynical criticism, would have stared at him in amazement now,

The place seemed full of children, of all ages and sizes, and in various stages of dirt and rag-gedness. There was nothing around that was not wretched and hideous and unsightly; but Heron Archer spoke pleasantly to the won lering urchins, and seated himself on the rickety chair by the fireplace, and made himself so at home that they stood and gized in wondering admiration, and Mrs. Murphy herself forgot to blash for her own neglect and untidiness. Heron Archer learned all about the family. The father worked as compositor at a printing-office in Fleet street; Jack, the eldest, a lad of thirteen, sold flowers and fruit in the streets; the intermediate-aged children went to school; the younger ones tumbled about in the dirty cour; at home. There was nothing pathetic or sad in the story; it was only one very commonplace, very dreary, and very often to be heard; hundreds and thousands, in the great city and its suburbs, lived similar lives, shared similar lates, told similar stories. Heron Archer knew that

These people had a roof to shelter them and enough food for the many months-that was enough for them. They drudged on in an aimless, indifferent fashion. They were neither happy nor unhappy, but somehow the atter har-renness and unloveliness of such an existence seemed to Heron Archer a more pitiable fate than the sharpness of inter poverty; the pathos of a bitter struggle.

There was nothing to do here, nothing to relieve, nothing to comfort. "They were well enough," the woman said.

Well enough! No wonder the visitor sighed, thinking how hopeless it seemed to urge her to make things a little better; to explain that to give cleanliness and tidiness to the home, and neatness one day, and stint and deprivation at ] sweet face out of his mind, or cease to hear the other times, was good management. However, I

echo of that low voice. The voice in especial he was too wise to urge anything at present. He had pleased his rather exacting fancy, for if he sat there and chatted with them all, and made friends even with the dirty crying baby, and yet he could not summon up courage to ask Jack that one question burning on his tongue. He rose at last to go, and his eye fell upon a large bowl of primroses in the window. He bent over them for a moment.

"Have you ever seen that lady again " he asked abruptly, with a curious wonder that his heart should throb in so odd a fashion, as he

awaited for the answer.

"Oh, yes, sir!" exclaimed Jack eagerly
"She came round here the very next day. So kind was she too, and gave mother half a sovereign to buy some clothes for the baby, and spokes nice to me, and wanted to know if she could do anything for me. I told her as how I should like to be errand-boy in a shop, and she said she would speak to her father about me; and I'm sure she won't forget, though she do seem a grand lady and was dressed so beautiful, and had lots of gold money in her purse.

"She told you her name, I suppose ques-

" No, sir; she didn't."

"Nor where she lived !"

" No, sir."

Heron Archer feels as if the world had grown suddenly dark and empty again. He took leave of the family, and with a bunch of primroses in his hand (the pretty yellow flowers seem always associated now with her,) goes away through the noisy, dirty court, and so home to his chambers once more.

Charity had brought him he reward this

11.

### AN ECCENTRIC BESOLUTION.

Another week went by, but, despite the presof business and the fact that he was at last retained on a great and important case, Heron Archer could not get this fancy out of he mind.

The fair sweet face floated forever before his eyes and haunted his dreams. Such an experience was new to his life, and perplexed and worried him accordingly. He heard no more and saw no more of the girl, and gradually be gan to think it unlikely he should do so.

One evening, just as he was putting aside his papers and thinking of leaving off work for the day, a note was brought to him by a little ragged urchin. It contained a few hastily scrawled lines, but they evidently gave him deep concern, for he pat on his hat, locked has room, and went out at once.

He haifed the first passing hansom and was driven rapidly to the north-west of London, Ina small, mean looking street of this district he alighted and dismissed the cale

A few steps up the street brought him to the house he sought.

A moment later, and he was bending over a slight young figure lying on a couch in a poor, ill-furnished room. In one corner stood ; piano littered over with music, and the instrument, though plain, was solid and good of its kind, and looked singularly out of place smooth the shabby furniture of the room.

"So you are ill; suffering again," said Hero-Archer gently, as he bent over the young man. "I am sorry to hear it."

The pale wan face lit up brightly at the signiof the welcome visitor; the young man mai-an effort to rise, but sank back directly, while a violent fit of congling shook him from head to

The strong man by his side looked with men pressible compassion at the slight figure, the thin, pale fice, and delicate, attenuated fea-

"Hush! lie still," he said. "I see what it is; you have caught fresh cold again. Yes, must take care of yourself for a sky or two You will be all right again then. What is it i can do for you 🖰

"It is so vexations, so unfortunate," said the invalid faintly. "I had such a good engagement for to-night, and up to an hour ago I was in hopes I should be able to keep it. But I see it is no use. I wrote to you, I thought you might help me. I tried to get a deputy, and could not. I was to have two guineas. It is such a loss to me. But perhaps you know some one who can take my place; only it is such short notice. At 9 is the ball."
"What ball I. Where !"

"It is a private subscription ball, and takes dace at the Marlborough Rooms, not far from here. I was to play the piano. There are three other musicians cornet, violin and double eass. It is most unfortunate. Someone must

be got."
"Well, I'll see what I can do tor you," said Heron Archer cheerfully. "And you shan't lose the two guineas if I can help it. Is this

the music ?" "Yes; it's mostly waltzes. I have played with these mon before. They are good fellows, and we get on very well. I know they'll be

sorry for me." "There's not much time certainly," said Heron Archer, looking at his watch. "Do you know what I've been thinking, Stannton ! I'll

take your place myself,"
"You, sir!" and the young fellow raised himself upon his elbow, and stared at the visitor as if he thought he had suddenly taken leave of

his souses.
"Yes, I," laughed Heron Archer, amusedly.

"Why not? I play fairly well, and there really seems no time to get a substitute, even if I knew one—which I don't."

"Oh, sir, you cannot do such a thing; it is impossible!" cried the youth. "I wish I had let you know earlier. It is not fair to give you all this trouble; you have been always much too good to me as it is. My life is one long debt to

"Nonsense, I have done little enough," exclaimed Heron Archer, looking sadly at the wasted form and delicate features before him.

In his heart he knew how little benefit could be done him; how short a span of life remained for the troubles and perplexities of earth.

There was a moment's silence. Then Heron

Archer spoke abruptly.
"Come," he said, "I have made up my mind; I shall like the duty immensely. You know I am fond of masquerading. This will be a new character to come out in. Give me the

"You are only joking, sir, surely," pleaded the young man. "Supposing anyone you know happened to be at the ball ?"

There is no chance of that. I know no one in this neighbourhood; even if I was recognized I should not care. It would only be one eccentricity the more for my friends to chronicle."

The invalid looked admiringly up at the

handsome, determined face. "Your acts of eccentricity are all noble and generous," he murmured. "How few of your

friends know you really as you are."
"It is just as well they do not," said Heron Archer lightly. "No man bears being turned inside out, you know. There is always a little something about ourselves which we like to keep dark. But we are wasting time. It gets late, and I must go home and don my evening dress. Where do we sit-in a gallery !

"No; there is a platform, I believe."
"Whew-w! Then the guests have a full

"Yes. Pray don't carry out your words, sir. Supposing anything happened that might make you regret it ?"

Heron Archer laughed. "Just as if anything could," he said lightly. "Nonsense, Staunton; my mind is made up. It will be a great fun, and I shall come round to-morrow and bring your two guineas with me. If I got you a deputy now you would be a loser by the trans-

action."

"I would rather lose it twenty times over, sir, than that you should repent your determination of to-night."

"I shall not repent it," laughed the young barrister good-humouredly. "Good-bye, now, and go to bed and rest yourself. I shall ask Dr. Leigh to look in to-morrow.'

And without waiting to hear the grateful thanks the invalid would have uttered, he hurried swiftly from the room.

All throughout his drive home Heron Archer never gave a serious thought to his eccentric scheme; it was a good joke, he thought, and it would benefit his poor consumptive protege, in whom he had felt a most unusual interest for years past. As to anything awkward or unpleasant accruing to himself from such an act, it was a probability that never crossed his mind. He was accustomed to do strange things, and very rarely even troubled himself to give explanation of them. People had grown accustomed to his ways by this time, and ceased to wonder when anything eccentric or startling

had reached their ears.
"He is the worst man possible for the legal profession," argued his friends. "He never cares two straws for his own interests."

But Heron Archer paid no heed, and went on still in his own way. So it was no wonder that friend and acquaintances gave up wondering at him and arguing with him at last, and suffered him to take it unmolested.

That was just what he wanted. It is a thing

many men want and never get.

A large, lofty hall, prettily decorated with flowers and plants; a smooth, well-polished floor, looking very inviting to lovers of dancing a general sense of space and emptiness, and brilliant light reflected back by numerous mirrors; this was the scene that met Heron Archer's eyes as he entered the Marlborough Rooms. He had explained to the other musicians that young Staunton was too ill to come, and he had been sent as deputy; and though they had regarded him with evident wonder, and treated him with a certain sullen deference as one plainly superior to themselves, he yet no way assumed any airs of superiority, or for one moment allowed them to perceive he was in any way different to what he represented himself.

The people began to arrive at last in large numbers. Heron Archer sat there at the piano, and watched them with a certain amused indifference. Presently one of the masters of ceremonies advanced and ordered the band to play a waltz, and while his fingers struck the notes and his powerful rhymatic touch brought out the full aweet melody, the pianist's eyes roved carélessiy from group to group of the moving, floating figures, and he was conscious that life still held for him a new sensation.

Dance after dance followed now. Archer looked less at the dancers and more at his music, though his thoughts were far away from either, and his tingers only did their work with mechanical precision. It must have been nearly 11 o'clock, when he suddenly stood up to reach a set of lancers lying on a chair on the platform. As he turned back to his seat, his eyes fell on a group just forming into figure at his end of the room. He started as if a pistol-

shot had struck him. There, in the full brilliance of the lights—there, facing him a few yards distant, stood the object of his search, his thoughts, his dreams these two weeks past! She was talking to her partner, and her face was finshed and slightly turned away from the platform. With a strong effort Heron Archer recovered himself, and then, as he once more took his seat, the full sense of what his eccentric action might cost him burst upon his mind. Suppose she saw him, recognized him; what would she think? He could have grouned aloud as he thought of this, as he saw the harrier he had raised between them, and knew that now, though she was so near, he dared not give one sign of recognition or seek her side, despite his frenzied longing.

His one hope now was that she might not recognize him, and yet that was a chance he hardly dared count on. The platform was raised some feet from the hall, and he was the most prominent of all the players. The set in which the girl was dancing was close to the platform, and she herself stood directly facing him. At any moment she might raise her eyes -see him and-then? He dared not dwell on the humiliation such a recognition would bring. He only prayed she might not think of looking at the platform. He tried to avert his eyes, but every moment they stole a glance at that couple. How he envied the man who danced with her! How he cursed the fate that held him here, chained to a hateful penance, while any of the careless vapid throng below were free to win her smiles and seek her hand in the dance! The signal was given, the music struck up. Mechanically he played the selection from Carmen before him, and uselessly he strove to keep his face turned away from that one seat in the room

But in vain. Despite his efforts, his resolves his eyes would turn to that radiant, graceful figure, with her crown of sunny hair and snowy floating robes. She was standing still while the sides were going through their evolutions. Her eyes roved carelessly around—before—then up. Heron Archer should have turned away, but he was not able to do so. Like some spell, those eyes met and held his own, and across the distance that separated them flashed one lightning glance of mutual recognition. That she remembered him he could doubt no longer, for a burning wave of colour swept up to her brow, and the startled glance told its own tale.

His heart beat high despite the pain and humiliation that oppressed him. At least she had not forgotten. That thought was sweet beyond all others, though he gave her no sign, and kept his head turned resolutely away for the rest of

When it was over, the various couples began to promenade round the room. Heron Archer followed that slight figure with anxious, watchful eyes. She did not make the circle of the room, but to pass out with her partner through a door leading to the refreshment-room. With beating heart and eager gaze he watched for her reappearance. How he envied the man by her side; how he wondered what he was saying to her, or she to him. Then again come the summons to play and as the plaintive waltz air rose and fell, he saw her again floating round the room to the melody his fingers gave forth.

The situation was torturing in the extreme, and as the hours went by and he saw her courted, besieged, surrounded, and met no further glance from her averted eyes, and could guess nothing of the shame burning in her young passionate heart, he felt that his self-imposed task grew each moment more hateful and irksome, that it was almost beyond his strength to carry it through.

But everything must have an end, and at last the final waltz was on the desk. How gladly he played it; what a welcome relief to feel each bar, each page brought him nearer to the conclusion of this unpalatable duty.

Then out crashed "God save the Queen," ind he was free to go, free to return home and chew the cud of sweet and bitter faucies, and wish, with vain fierce wishes, that he had never placed himself in such a false position. The money was in his hand, and with young Staunton's roll of music under his arm, he hurried out of the building. At the entrance a crowd of cabs and carriages were still waiting. He paused a moment. A vague hope that he might see her once more ere she left was in his mind. He saw a gentlemau call a cab, and then go back shawled and cloaked with great care; the other -yes, it was -the mysterious "she" who so changed the calm and even tenor of his life. A mass of fleecy white lace was round her head and shoulders, her tiny gloved hand rested lightly on her companion's arm. Heron Archer drew his hat low over his brows, and strained his ears to catch the directions given to the cabman. "L-Street, Maida Vale."

Then a silvery voice said, "Good-bye.. It has been a most delightful evening. So many thanks for the tickets," and the cab drove off.

That was all. Yet no, not quite all, for lying on the pavement, close to Heron Archer's feet, lay a little bouquet of faded primroses. They must have fallen from her dress as the stepped into the cab. He snatched them up as a miser might have snatched at gold. They were more precious than gold to him. He thrust them into his breast, and then, dizzy with confused hopes and thoughts and plans, he sprang into a hansom close by, and was driven rapidly home through the pale sweet dawn of the Spring day.

(To be continued.)

## A RACE FOR LIFE.

A CURE FOR PRACTICAL JOKING.

One hundred years ago there lived upon the shores of Stephen's river (a small stream emptying into the Casco bay) a man named Peter John, an honest, upright fellow, a good neighbour and friend, but ith one abominable habit that won him many enemies, and caused much discomfort and suffering to those around him. This was an almost irresistible fondness for practical joking that would not allow him to let an opportunity pass unimproved, wherein he could gratify this special passion of his being.

There came a time, however, when the exercise of this peculiarity brought upon him an ordeal so sharp that it cured his unfortunate propensity, to the great joy of his friends and family. The process was disagreeable, but the cure was effectual and permanent.

One day Peter had been at work a few miles from home. After his day's labour was finished his employer invited him to partake of the evening meal with him. This invitation Peter accepted, and then, his system fortified by a hearty supper, he commenced his journey homeward. The path that Peter trod that night would lead one to-day through cultivated fields and by many pleasant farm-houses; but then it was an unbroken forest.

It was a dark, cold December night; the wind swept fitfully among the great pines and beeches, and strange, meaning sounds went solbling through the forest; now and then an owl uttered its hoarse cry, or the sudden rattling of the dead leaves told where some timid animals scurried away from sounds of footsteps.

But Peter was strong and light-hearted, and vent quietly along, without paying much attention to the sight and sounds around him, until he had achieved perhaps one half his journey, when suddenly his ears caught the sound of a horse's feet descending the long rocky path behind him. Gradually the sound grew nearer, until the sharp peculiar whoa of the horseman could be heard urging the horse to a faster gait.

"Ah! ah!" said Peter to himself, as he heard the familiar tones, "this is uncle Tom Barry.

Now uncle Tom and Peter were neighbours, that is to say their clearings lay about a mile apart, and none knew better than Peter that the old man was naturally of a timid disposition, and, furthermore, that nothing inspired him with greater fear-nothing that he had not rather meet, than a wolf.

No sooner, therefore, had Peter become convinced that the horseman behind him was his neighbour than he resolved to use this trait of uncle Tom's as a means of working out what he considered would be a capital joke. His plans were soon laid, and he proceeded to put them into execution. Creeping through the undergrowth, which bordered his path, he crouched down and patiently awaited the approach of his victim. He had not waited long before uncle Tom, his horse at a sharp trot, and himself easting timid glances around, arrived opposite to his place of concealment. Peter allowed him to pass a few paces, and then springing brward on his hands and knees, he uttered one or two snarling yelps followed by the loud, clear, gathering cry of the wolves.

The effect upon uncle Tom was electrical. Springing half way out of his saddle, he uttered scream of terror, and then, stooping until his head nearly touched the mane, he plunged his spurs into his horse's flanks, and was off down the road like a shot. As for Peter, he rolled over on his back, and kicked his heels in huge injuyment of success. Loud and long he laughed, occasionally varying the performance by making the forest ring with the repetition of the wild, savage cry that struck such terror into uncle Tom's heart. But there is an end to all things; and so, after a while, there was an end to Peter's mirth, and he was about to resume his journey, when he heard a sound that sent the cold shivers coursing over his body, and almost froze the blood in his veius. The wolves had heard the successful imitation of their music, and were coming down, full cry

In an instant he realized his position and peril. From the sounds he knew that the wolves were coming down on each side of the path he had just travelled, and therefore the point of safety was his own clearing more than a mile away.

All this passed through his mind like a flash, and then calling all his energies into play, he dashed down the path with scarcely less speed and terror than did uncle Tom Barry. Peter was a famous runner, and had come off victor in many a trial of speed, when the people had come together at a raising or log-rolling; but this was no holiday game. He was not taxing his music to win the applause of admiring friends, or to gratify an ambition to excel.

Down the long slope that led to Pitkin's

Hollow, and up the ascent beyond, fled Peter, while hardly a hundred yards behind came a snarling pack, hungry and fierce. The life of an unarmed man would not be worth a minute's purchase could they once surround him. This Peter acknowledged to himself, as a thought entered his mind to stand on the defensive; so he abandoned the thought before it was fully formed, and braced himself anew for the flight.

Down another long slope across a broad sheet of ice at its foot, and Letherine's Hill with its long, straight ascent, lay before him. He shud-I dered as he glanced at its ragged side, for he

felt his strength would scarcely suffice to carry

him to the top.

The perspiration streamed from every porehis breath came in short, wheezy gasps-his steps were becoming unsteady, and once striking his foot against a loose stone, he prevented himself from falling only by an extra exertion so great that the blood spurted from his nostrals, and flames seemed to leap before his vision.

Still he kept on though it seemed madness to

hope, for his pursuers had gained on him fearfully; he knew it by the beating of their footsteps; but with eagerness inspired by mortal terror he ran on, hoping to gain only the brow of the hill, for there the ground became open, and his own cabin was but a few yards beyond. He felt very sure that his pursuers would not follow him beyond the summit; but could he reach it before they would close upon him?

No, not by his own exertions, for just as the thought passed through his mind his foot caught a guarled root that extended across the way, and he fell heavily forward, his head striking the frozen ground, and he lay senseless.

When Peter recovered consciousness he found himself hanging over the broad shoulders of his brother John, and about to enter his own door. Here he soon collected his scattered senses and was able to listen intelligently to his brother's account of the rescue.

Uncle Tom Barry, in his flight, had stopped it the cabin long enough to shout through the window that the wolves were out and hurried on. John, who lived with his brother, knowing that Peter must come by the same path, took his gan and walked out to the edge of the forest, where he halfed to listen. But a short time clapsed before he heard the sound of the pursued and pursuers, and rushing down the hill he arrived just in time to leap between Peter's prostrate form and the wolves, the foremost of whom were less than ten feet distant. Taking steady aim, he sent a bullet through the animal's brain, and then, while the pack were fighting terribly over the dead body of their comrade, he slung Peter over his back and gained the open ground in perfect safety.

Peter frankly told the truth about the affair. from beginning to end, and concluded the story with the emphitic assertion that as long as he lived he would never be guilty of such another practical joke; a vow he faithfully kept.

We commend this resolution to all practical okers. Nothing is more foolish and reprehensible than the average of practical jokes. The temptation to perpetrate one comes often, but should always be resisted.

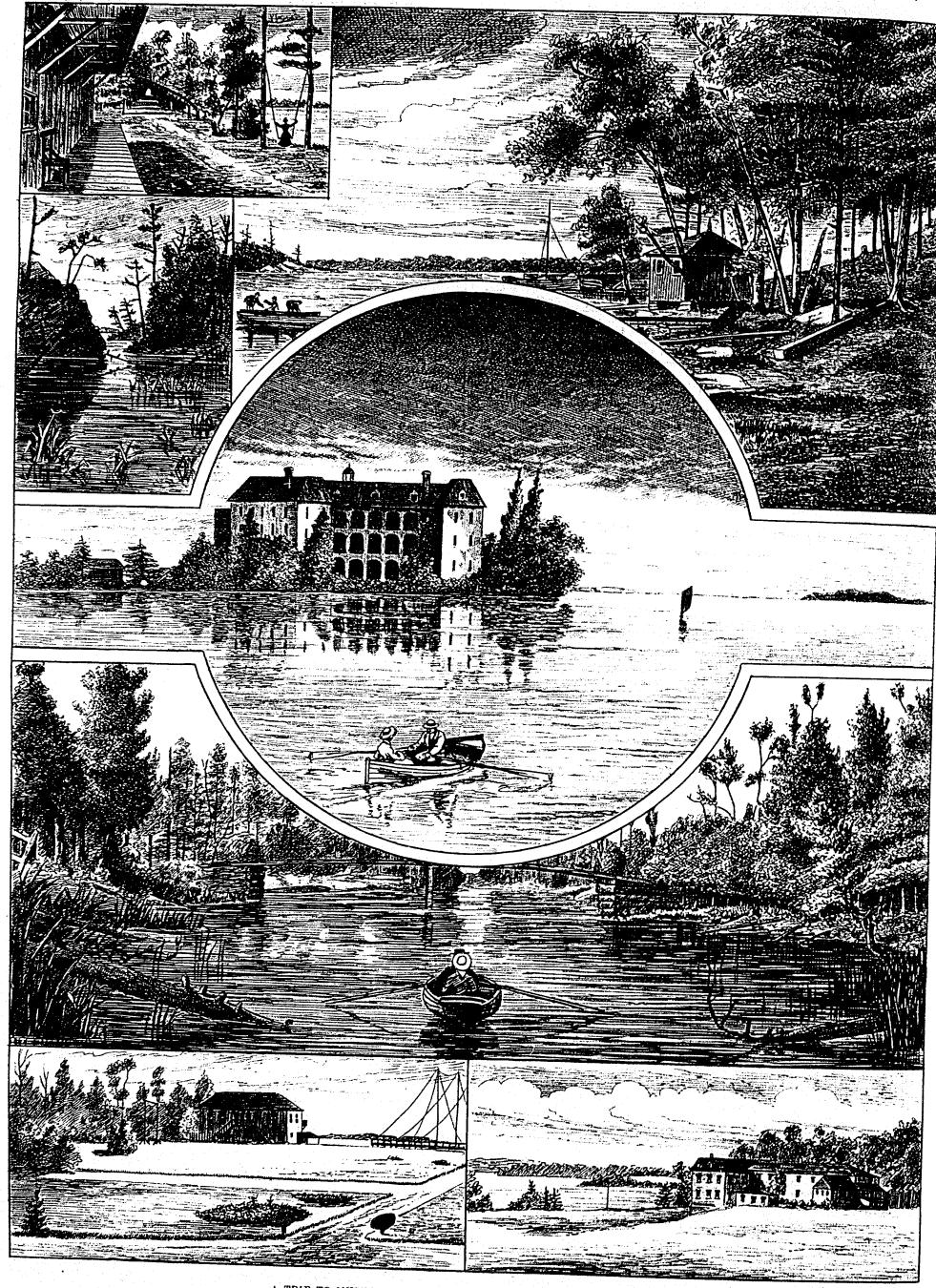
HOW FREDERICK DOUGLASS GOT HIS NAME.

In the first number of THE CENTURY MAGA-ZINE (November). Frederick Douglass tells for the first time the manner of his escape from slavery. The account takes him to New Bedford, where he obtained steady work and where e got his name, as follows:

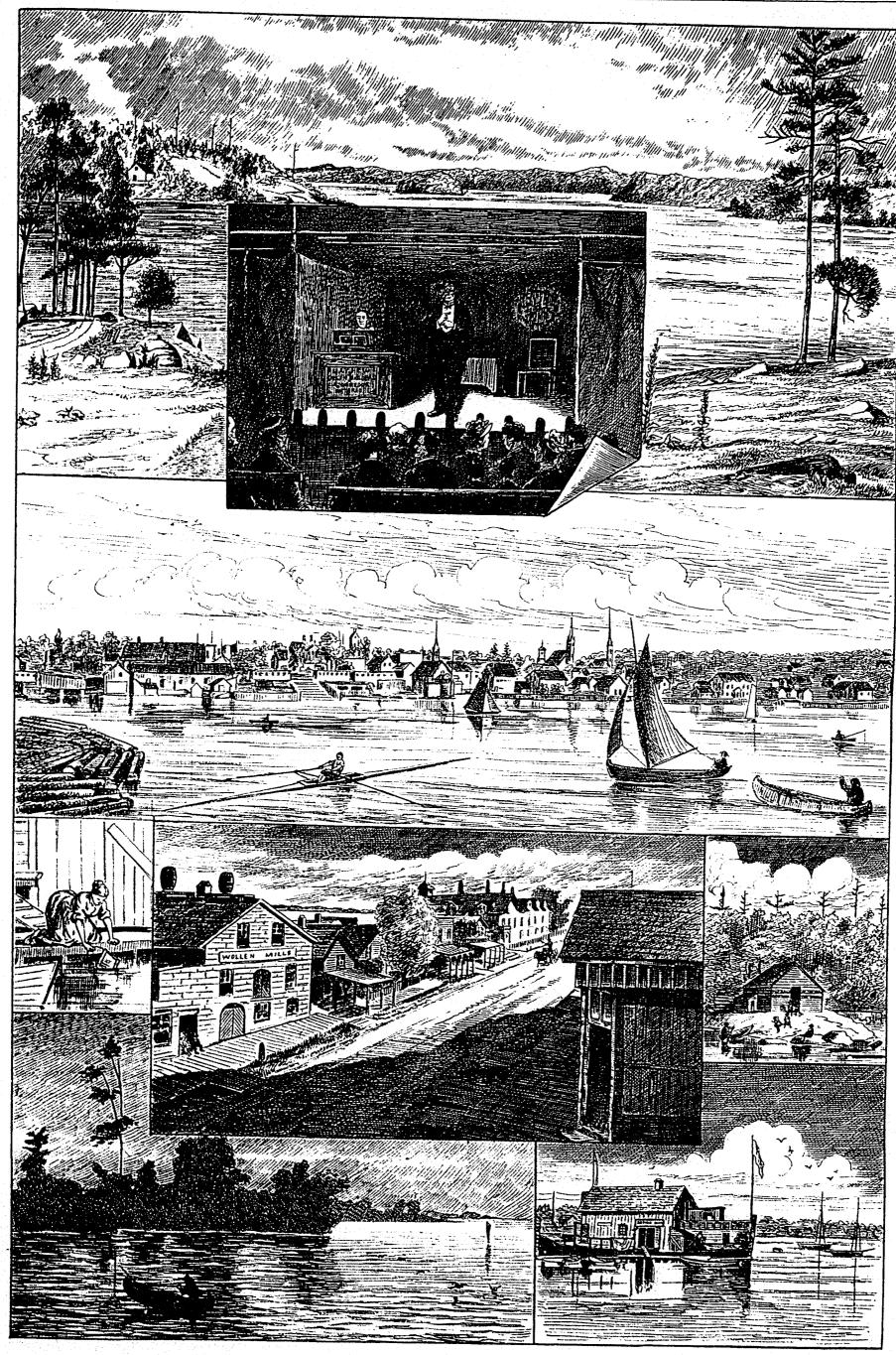
Once initiated into my new life of freedom, and assured by Mr. Johnson that I need not fear recapture in that city, a comparatively unimportant question arose as to the name by which I should be known hereafter in my new relation as a free man. The name given me by my dear mother was no less pretentious and long than Frederick Augustus Washington Briley. I had, however, while living in Maryland, dispensed with the Augustus Washington. and retained only Frederick Bailey. Between Baltimore and New Bedford, the better to conceal myself from the slave-hunters, I had parted with Bailey and called myself Johnson; but in New Bedford I found that the Johnson family was already so numerous as to cause some confusion in distinguishing them, hence a change in this name seemed desirable. Nathan Johnson, mine host, placed great emphasis upon this necessity, and wished me to allow him to select a name for me. I consented, and he called me by my present name -- the one by which I have been known for three and forty years—Frederick Douglass. Mr. Johnson had just been reading "The Lady of the Lake," and so pleased was hear his great character that he wished me to hear his great character that he wished me to bear his name. Since reading that charming poem myself, I have often thought that, considering the hospitality and manly character of Nathan Johnson-black man though he was -he, for more than I, illustrated the virtues of the Douglas of Scotland. Sure I am that, if any his domicile catcher had view to my recapture, Johnson would have shown himself like him of the "stalwart

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medieine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discerned. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Out.

ALL those painful and distressing diseases and irregularities peculiar to the female sex may be promptly cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. regulates every organ to a healthy action. Trial bottles 10 cents.



A TRIP TO MUSKOKA-SKETCHES BY ARTHUR ELLIOTT.-(See page 339.)



A TRIP TO MUSKOKA-SKETCHES BY ARTHUR ELLIOTT .- (See page 339.)

## THE BOW STRING.

From the Norwegian of Sebastian Cammermeyer Welhaven.

BY NED P. MAH.

The archer, bold Thorarin, To battle must away; He thought to come back, bearing Bright trophies of his daring Home, where the bearskin lay.

But first he well bethought him To seek the bower, where Love in the spring had sought him And 'mid the song-birds caught him In Freja's hidden snare.

Here the earl's daughter found him To bid a fond farewell. While fickering shades surround him And merry elves around him Dance in the mounlit dell.

Rose beds and heads of clover She in her bodice bore; Quote he, "Give these your lover To wear his true heart over When he dips his sword in gure.

"Nay," quoth she, "Strife's an element Spring's grifs may not endure. To figure fortune's fair intent Choose rather war's accountement. A bow string strong and sure.

Then with sharp shears she raided Her sweet brow, for his sake, Of locks with gold sheen shaded Which to his how she braided And oried, "It will not break"

"And though the air be cloven by myriad arrow's flight. The string that I have woven Shall grow attouger as 'tis proven As heart's true love grows bright.

Forth marched—his quiver slinging-Thorarin, archer bold. Pleased, as his shafts went winging Forward, to hear the singing Of his lover's string of gold,

## BEPPO.

In the early summer of 1879 I was working hard to make up for the time spent during the merry winter in dancing, riding, characle-playing, sight-seeing, and all the thousand-and-one distractions which make it so difficult for an artist, not absolutely compelled to keep the wolf from the door by the use of his pencil, to "buckle-to" in Rome. I had orders also from obliging friends for two or three paintings in the style I have adopted for my own-small pictures of priests, bishops, cardinals, and other ecclesiastics in their habits as they live.

I was almost alone in Rome; for in June, artists of all nationalities were off to country sketching; and visitors had departed to the mountains, or to England, months ago. I, however, stayed bravely on, in my somewhat shabby rooms, on the fourth piano of a large house in the Via Margutta, working at a picture I intended to call "Meditation"—a Monsignore in a violet robe, with the red piping s and buttons which make those garments so effective. I was trying to catch the attitude of Monsignore, just between meditation and slumber, and had placed him on a baggia, with a hazy summer view between the pillars of the balastrade before him, with his breviary sliding from between the fingers of one hand, while the other was out-stretched on the arm of his chair. It was tiresome; the day was hot, and I could do nothing satisfactorily; so I laid aside my brushes, and thought I would write some letters. Going to fetch my desk from the little den of a bedroom which adjoined my studio, my eye fell on a novel I had thrown down while going to had the night before. I thought I would rinish it; and flinging myself on the bed I plunged into the woes and ways of the hero and heroine, which soothed me so completely that I fell into a delicious slumber.

I was awakened by the opening of the door which led from the passage into my bedroom, and raising myself, beheld the head of my padrona peering cautiously in. On seeing me, she stepped quickly into the room, and said she room for days unattended, unless brought to a sense of her neglect by my remonstrances; and also I felt surprised at the look of anxiety which I had certainly seen on her face when she put her head round the doorpost before seeing me. I knew her to be honest as the day, and I believed that she really liked her lodger. was a widow, with two sons, Beppe and Paulo. Paolo was the one about whom she most frequently discoursed. "A good lad," she said, "and servant to a gentleman in Lombardy." The other, Beppo, she generally mentioned with a sigh and a shake of the head, usually calling him poverino, and once or twice she had seemed on the point of telling me more about him. only knew, however, that he had at one time been a "model" at the Life Academy in Rome, where he was much esteemed for his handsome face, and specially for the glory of soft, early, dark-brown hair which surrounded his head that he had now gone to Naples; but what his occupation was, I knew not.

drapery, which gave me trouble, great trouble; for owing to an accident it had sustained, I had been obliged to send the body, one arm, and the legs of my lay-figure, to be mended. I had called many times at old Greffio's, to ask for my wooden beauty; and each time had been put off with excuses, promises, and "parienzas" without end; so it was no easy work to dress up a Cardinal with only the head and one arm of my tigure; and all my efforts with rugs, bolster, umbrellas and sticks, were unavailing.
Two days passed, in which I worked a little,

dawdled a great deal, read, wrote, and went out of doors as usual. Yet I could not help noticing that Chiara, my landlady, wore a look of care, and that she was very much more constant in her visits to my rooms. She found, it seemed to me, endless errands calling her thither. I asked her one day, when she was restlessly dusting, or pretending to dust my furniture, if any. thing had disturbed her peace, or if she had any trouble. She disclaimed the idea with much vehemence, and rushed in a stream of talk about "Paolo;" which made me quickly dismiss her, tired of her son's praises.

The nights were hot, dreadfully hot, and I was worried by sounds behind my bed, for which I could not account. I thought of rats; only the noises were not the usual "skurry-scuttles" of those animals, but sounded like some heavy creature trying to move soltly. I said one morning to my landlady: "What is behind the head of my tent-bed! Is it the wall of the house, or another room, or what "

She looked alarmed, and replied: "Signor, I know not. Perhaps a cupboard in the next such eyes! Large, widely-distended, with dark house comes by the wall there. If the Signor rims and long lashes, they looked unnatural; but looks at his own room, he will see a cup- a glance showed me how striking a feature they board on the other side of the stove; perhaps they have one like it next door."
"Oh, well," said I, "I do wish they would

not move things about in it at night.

Either I slept better, or the noises ceased, for during the next two nights I was undisturbed. On the third day I was working in my studio, when Chiara rushed in with a telegram in her hand, and a face of great distress. Her Paola, her boy, had been thrown from his master's carriage and hurt-seriously, she-fears; and the telegram summoned her at once to Milan. Poor Chisra! her distress was pitiful. She wept, she invoked all the saints to behold her misfortune : and she seemed so bewildered and distracted that it required some time and much patience before could persuade her that it she meant to go to Milan, she must lose no time in starting, as the slow morning train would leave in little more than an hour. To my surprise, she said she intended going by the quick train, leaving at one o'clock; by which she hoped to return on the next day but one, at about the same time, so as to be at home again after an absence of forty-eight hours only. This puzzled me, as not only are Italians so thrifty by nature, that to pay at all for travelling is a trial to them; but to go by an express train instead of a slow one, would wem to the ordinary Roman mind little less than a sin, as, there being no third-class, the difference in price would be something like twelve francs on the two journeys. I could not account either for her determination to re-furn so soon, and hinted that Paola might be too ill for her to leave him, which suggestion made her look positively agonized.

However, she departed, to her packing as I supposed, and though I heard her for some time afterwards fussing about a good deal in my bedroom, I only saw her again for a minute when she came to say "good-tye." I asked her if I could do anything for her; for the poor soul's distress touched me; and for a moment she looked on the point of making a request, but chang-

ed her mind, and went away. This was Thursday. On Saturday by mid-day, she hoped to be back; till that time I should be left to attend on myself. I worked hard till dinner-time, and was only at the cafe an hour, as I had important letters to write. My correspondence took me till nearly midnight, when I turned in, hoping for slumber, but in vain. I bassed a wretched night, and did not fall asleep till after five o'clock. Friday passed as usual, except that I was more in the studio. I had given up the Mousignore for the present, and was finishing a sketch of a flower-girl, to send to England to a cousin of mine, whose husband, had come to see it my ewer wanted water. I Jack Goddard, would leave Rome for London in told her "no;" and she departed. I sat up, a day or two, and take with him his young sister, and wondered at this unwonted attention on the who had been spending many months in Italy, part of my landlady, who as often as not left and whom he had come to fetch. The evening spent at the open-air theatre in I did not reach my lodging till late; in f ct, it ing, but who was a prominent member of one of to leaving the lovely night and betake myself to my tent-bed.

Again the noises close to me began, and I could distinctly bear cautious sounds as of groping and moving, and once, something that sounded like a groan. I could endure it no more. Jumping out of bed, I pulled up the heavy blind to let in the daylight, and dragged my flimsy couch away from the wall. Apparently, there was nothing to reward my search. The wall-paper, shabby enough, was in an unbroken piece from a kind of dado mark about five feet up, above which the walls were distempered. I knocked. however, and presently pressing my ear against the wall, asked: "Is any one there?" I listen-ed, and certainly heard a kind of stifled groan. Then I said: "There is some one in hiding. On inquiring if he could sit for me, I was told I shall make a hole in the wall, if I get no answer;" and to emphasize my speech, I began to batter with a stout stick. This brought a hoarse but very distinct whisper which seemed to come I went back to my studio, and speedily torgot but very distinct whisper which seemed to come my padrona, in another attempt at the Cardinal's I from about the level of my knee, entreating me

"to be silent, and imploring for a single drop of water, for the love of the Holy Virgin."

Here was a worry! I, a peaceable Englishman, was to be mixed up in some abominable manner with these confounded Italians and their skulking ways. The fellow behind my bed, whatever sort of a desperado he was, whether political, social, financial, or natural, would throw himself on my mercy. I should have to conceal and befriend him, and the like. However, reflection would not serve my turn; the poor wretch was there, and in piteous accents he continued to demand, in the name of all the saints in the calendar, for "but one drop of water.

"Who are you?" said I; "and how am I to

get you out ?"

The weak voice replied: "I am Beppo, Chiara's son. If you put your finger under the right-hand corner of the paper here, nearest the stove, and raise the wood, you will touch a little spring, and the door will move.

I obeyed the directions; and after some raising, pressing, and pulling, the side of the wall up to the dado-line turned outwards, nearly knocking me over; but so quietly, that it was evident the hinges must have been well oiled and the joints considerably used of late. This revealed a quantity of rude lath and plaster-work immediately under the dado-line; and down at the bottom, not more than three feet high, was a little cupboard; and there, like a beast in a lair, crouched a figure, with hair of the wildest, and face of the most pinched, pathetic, and despairing expression I had ever seen; and with would be in their normal state, and I recognized, even in this plight, the handsome model from the Academy of whom I had been told.

"Why, Beppo," said I, "how came you

"Ab, Signor," he groaned out in reply, "I am of all men the most wretched, the most miserable. But I die, so it matters not." As I dragged him out of his hole, the poor fellow fainted, and for some time I thought his words were literally true, and that he was dead. But I lifted him from the floor, and replacing the false wall, which was only like a rude screen, but fastened with careful clasps and hinges, I pushed back my little bed, placed him upon it, and used every means I could think of to revive him. After about an hour, my efforts were rewarded by seeing him able to sit up and slowly drink some mild Chiants wine mixed with a quantity of water, and able also to swallow a few morsels of bread sosked in the same.

I became wonderfully interested in my patient during this time; his obedience, gentleness, and a kind of shrinking humility which betrayed itself in every word and gesture, together with an unmistakable look of extreme terror at any. even the slightest sound for which he did not see a cause, filled my soul with pity. He soon entreated me to let him go back to his den; but this I could not do; and while I made some coffee, I succeeded in soothing his fears sufficiently to allow me to go into the neighbouring street for rolls and butter for breakfast, he the while imploring that I should only bring enough food for one person, or his presence would cer-tainly be discovered. I determined that the one" should have a first-rate appetite; and I never remember enjoying any meal more than I did the coffee, cherries, and bread-and-butter ! shared with the terror-stricken lad, whose grief for some cause unknown to me, and gratitude at the trifles I had done for him, by turns almost choked him.

Breakfast over, and Beppo somewhat calmer, succeeded in persuading him to tell me what had brought him into such straits. His tale was certainly a curious and interesting one, told as he told it, inflowery soft Italian, spoken with singular refinement and purity, and with the rapid expressive gesticulation of the Neapolitans he had lately been amongst. He had had a tolerable education; and being very handsome, having a "picture face," as he put it-he found many friends, and was specially liked amongst the best class of artists in Rome, getting well paid as a model at several good studios, and having besides a regular evening engage ment at the Life Academy. Unfortunately, the facility with which he made acquaintances was not equalled by the discretion with which he chose them; and some two or three years before our meeting, he had formed a close alliance with appeared to him extremely fascinatwas two o'clock before I could make up my mind those miserable secret societies which are the chief bane of Italy; and this one appeared to be more than usually of the "death and destruction" sort. Beppo had been drawn on and on, till he was appointed one of the officers or chiefs of this society, and had to execute the decrees of the "Supreme Three," whom he mentioned with extremest awe.

One of these decrees having recently enacted that he should assassinate an old general in Naples, whose only sins appeared to be that he was strongly conservative and a great martinet, he had gone thither for the purpose of obeying his instructions. His intentions, however, had been frustrated by the prayers and entreaties of a girl to whom he was passionately attached, whose suspicious had been roused by seeing him in Naples. She was a daughter of the laundress to the General's family, and a flower-seller on the Chiaja; and having a strong affection for the General and all his family, on account of his and his wife's great kindness to her little brother and sister at a time when there was fever in the | my delayed siesta.

house and starvation at the door, she had watched over them with an Italian's devotion, and knowing how much the General was dis-liked, had feared he might fall a victim to a stab in the dark.

The unwonted presence of Beppo in Naples, the knowledge that he was connected with one of the secret societies, and his gloomy and pre-occupied behaviour, had alarmed her. She spent hours in exhorting and entreating him not to have this sin on his soul; declaring that she would denounce him, if the life of the General were attempted either now or later, and finally refusing to see or speak with him for a week. This last had overcome Beppo. To be in the same city, to breathe the same air, but to have no sign of the presence of his inamorata was intolerable. He wrote to tell her that for one hour of her society he would forfeit his soul, his life, and would give up his project. They met ; and in spite of his despairing gloom, Nonina re-fused to believe any harm would happen to him, declared death did not always follow dis-obedience to the "Supreme Three," and insisted on his fleeing to Rome on the very night on which the assassination was to have taken place, assuring him that she would speedily follow, and they would leave Italy in safety together.

11.

After hearing Beppo's tale my sorrow for the poor, terror-haunted, weak-minded lad was old. equalled by my extreme bewilderment as to what was to be done with him. There he could had stay. He said he knew, and I believed, that the wonderful "Three" would certainly make search after their recoleitment disciple terrible result might follow. Meanwhile, I could think of nothing better than putting him back in his den; and going myself into the studio, to have a turn at my picture for lack Oddard, I lazily finished up the head of the flower-girl, and placed it on a shelf to dry, when my eyes fell on the unhappy figure I had been attempting to rig up the day before with the bits of my wooden beauty, and the rugs, &c. A happy thought struck me. Why shouldn't B ppo set to me! I could dress him up as the Cardinal. and no one would dream of interfering with my model. No sooner thought than done! him in my chair of state, where he quickly made himself up in the eleverest way possible. Declaring that he durst not pose as a man, he struck a perfectly wooden attitude; and I was surprised and pleased with the ingenuity with which he made a great display of the one had and head belonging to my wooden model, and the angularity he threw into his own limb. Tiring as his position was, he found it, he sail, preferable to that in the cupboard; and his long ractice as model served to make it less intolerable to him. I sat and painted, trying to levise all manner of expedients for the safety of the poor lad, and wondering what Chiara would say and do when she found he was discovered.

Beppo told me that communications were rather slow in his Society, which did not some to be a very powerful or notable one, and he thought he might exist in Italy for one week after the date of the day on which he ought, as he phrased it, "to have executed the decree." but by that time he felt sure he would be hunter down and assassinated. He seemed to take it quite for granted that there was no resisting the wonderful "Three." I, however, did not see it in the same light, and I used my best endeavers to put more pluck and spirit into the poor lad. I painted on till one o'clock, and was about to put up my brushes and take a siesta, when I was interrupted by the entrance of Chiars, looking much heated, and, to my delight, not recog

nizing anything strange in my model.
"How goes it with Paolo!" said 1: for Chiara, after a brief greeting, was making for my bedroom door.

"Oh, well I excellently, Signor," replied she.

not pausing in her walk.

I let her go, and waited for the exclamations i knew would follow. In two minutes she came back, her face as white as her apron, and trembling so that she could hardly speak. I sould not let her endure the suspense, so I said, laughing: "Ah, Chiara, your bird has flown."

She clasped her hands, exclaiming "Signor, tell me! How did you discover him! Where is he ?

"Beppo, tell your mother," said 1; and, to the good woman's astonishment, my model becan his tale. The exclamations and the braces that followed will be readily imagined and when the pair were calmer, I persuaded Chiara to consider what should be done with her foolish boy. I asked: "Will he go to Eng

"Certainly," replied his mother for him, "if there he will be safe."

I then assured her that if he could get a situation in a family, he would be quite safe in our beloved isle. And the happy thought occurred to me of asking Jack Goddard to take him in for a time. He was a thoroughly good-natured fellow. His wife, I knew, had a predilection for foreigners, and a dash of romance in her composition, which would not make it displeasing to her to receive and hide a runaway of this sort. She might perhaps find a place for him amountst some of her numerous friends and acquaintances. I expected Jack in the afternoon to fetch his picture, as he was to leave on Monday, and I determined to appeal to him, This settled, Chiara left us; and I painted on till three o'clock, when I sent Beppo to his den, and took

At half-past four we were at work again ; and at five Jack and his sister arrived. After due examination and approbation of the flower-girl, Jack turned to the picture of the Monsignore on the easel; and Emily admired it immensely, saying, " how difficult it must be to paint a person from that thing," pointing to my model. This made me laugh. I opened the Monsignore's robe, showed poor Beppo, and told his piteous tale. Great was Jack's interest in it; and he and Emily determined at once that they would take Beppo with them, as if there were no diffi-culties of any kind in the way.

"But," said I, "your passports might be asked for. You have them, I suppose?"
"Well," answered Jack, "I have an old

thing which has been my companion for years

but it is never asked for now."
"Ten to one," replied I, "if you don't want

to produce it, an inquiry will be made for it."

"Anyhow, here it is," said Jack. From an inner pocket he brought out a well-worn leather case, and from it gingerly took a battered paper with many cises, and in a very bad state of pre-It had travelled with him for ten

years, and had seen much service.
"This won't do," said 1, after an examina-"This won't do," said 1, after an examina-tion. "It is made out for you, your wife, and her maid; and here you have your sister and a young man in tow."
"Oh, bother it!" ejaculated Goddard, "I had

forgotten all about that. But Emily will do for my wife."
"Well," said I; "but Beppo will not do for the 'maid."

"No, by Jove!" laughed Jack, glancing at Bepper's bush of hair and swarthy face. "Here's

a hx "
"Wait a moment," put in Emily. "We start at dusk, and are going to have a sleeping-car. I don't see why Beppo shouldn't be dressed up in an ulster, with hat and veil and a woman's wig. Then our party would answer the description in the passport. He is slim enough for a girl, and not much too tall."

"Bravo, Emmie!" said Jack. And after fur-ther consultation, it was arranged that Beppo should join them at the station the next evening at seven, being first metamorphozed into a lady's maid. Emily was to bring the things to me. Chi ra, having been called into the council, was delighted, and promised to arrange about the hair-dressing; Emily lending an ulster, but, and veil, and sundry etceteras, such as the skirt of a dress, and ribbons, necktie, collar, and

Beppo took very little part in the talk. When it was in English, he did not of course understand it; and when in Italian, he acquiesced in all arrangements; but appeared to think it hopeless they would be of any avail to save him

At seven, Beppo went back to his hiding-place, and I betook myself out to dine, not returning till bedtime. I could not sleep for thinking of the poor lad so uncomfortably cramped un behind my bed, so I got up and begged him to come out and stretch himself on the floor. This, however, he refused to do, and the weary hours dragged on somehow. After breakfast, Beppo said he should like to sit to me again; he seemed to feel safer in that pose than in his den; and accordingly, although it was Sunday, I was soon painting away vigorously

At cleven, the door was opened suddenly; and Chara, with the whitest and most despairing of laces, rashed in exclaiming: "Signor, we are lost." They are coming here to search.

Nomina has sent a friend to warn me; they will be here turnodistale." be here immediately.

Beppe growned.
"Well," said I, "never mind, let them come. They will search, of course. But look—look at my model; would, could they think it was a man there?—Silence!" I went on, for she was beginning to cry hysterically. "Everything," I continued, "depends on you. When they come, be much surprised, of course. Say, you know nothing of Beppe; but that they can go over all your rooms, if the English gentleman will allow. Then come and ask me. --if you weep or tremble, Beppo is dead!"
This exhortation had a good effect; for Chiara

seemed to collect herself, and departed with a

"Now, Beppo," said 1, "you are of wood, and you must not breathe."

Beppo made no answer, and certainly looked

Half an hour passed, the longest, I think, I talking in the passage. Presently, the steps and voices came through the ante-room; then a panse outside my door, and a knock.

"Come in," said I; and Chiara appeared, looking quite correctly surprised, indiguant, and injured, in fact, acting her part to perfection; and saying in the most aespectful manner to me: "Signor, these gentlemen think I have a criminal in hiding—my poor son, whom God protect!" she added piously. "They want to walk round your rooms, to look if any one is concealed. They say they will not hurt any.

I looked duly astonished : said I "could not understand how any one could be in my rooms without my knowledge; but that, of course, the gentlemen could look if they pleased, provided they did not disturb me, as I was busy.

Thou the search began. There were four; a ingold man with gray hair, and eyes like a fer-

ret. They peered into every corner, dragged out tables, displaced chairs, looked under the bed, in the cupboard which did duty for my wardrobe, and even sounded the wall in places but never came near my model, or moved the hed. I painted on, my heart beating loudly; and my hand, I fancied, shaking visibly. Chiara stood, one hand on her hip, and a look of scorn and injury on her handsome features. By-andby, the search was over. The four slowly and disappointedly walked away; the little gray-haired man turning back to say spitefully to Chiara: "Listen! If he were hidden in the earth or the ocean, we should find him; and we shall!" he hissed ln her ear, as he turned to

Chiara shrugged her shoulders. "As God wills," she said, and shut the door.

I listened for the retreating footsteps, and then watched from the window till I saw all four issue from the house. They did not leave together; all walked singly, and went different ways, as I could see from my post of vantage. I turned from the window, and said cheerily Now, Beppo, all is easy; to-night you are

For answer, poor Beppo and his heap of clothes slid down on the floor, he in a dead-fairt, from which it took time to recover him.

When Chiara had at length succeeded in restoring him, the mother and son had a most melancholy conversation, both being persuaded that the vigilance of the "Three"—of whom that the vigilance of the "Three"—of whom the horrid little gray-haired man was one would not be eluded in the end, and that they would probably return in an hour or two, with fresh information as to the hiding-place.

The rest of the day did not therefore pass cheerfully. I feared lest old Greffio should return my lay figure; he was fond of bringing his work home on a Sunday. If the conspirators should return, the presence of two such articles would certainly excite suspicion. However, slowly as the time went; it did go; and six o'clock arrived, and with it Jack Goddard and his bright little sister. Chiara meanwhile had fastened a very ugly wig on the boy, which altered him completely. When Emily had put on the skirt, and arranged the cloak, hat, and other small articles of feminine attire, Beppo was certainly disguised beyond recognition. Jack good-naturedly folded up the lad's coat with his own wraps, and stuffed his soft hat into his valise. I confess I was glad when Chiara's parting words were said, and her last kiss given. accompanied the trio to the station, and left them comfortably ensconced in the sleeping-car riage Jack had engaged. I enjoyed my dinner that evening, and slept as I had not done for a

Early the next morning Greffio sent my lay figure. As a precaution, I rigged it up, and set to work with my painting, thinking that, should the search-party return, it would be better they found all as on the visit of yesterday. It was well I did so. In the course of the forenoon, the door was flung open, and the little gray-haired man, followed by two satellites, rushed in, and without a word of preface or apology, his eyes flashing with spite and rage, dashed furiously across the room, and flung himself on my Car-I saw the gleam of a dagger, heard a savage exclamation of A morte, traditore! and then, gray-haired man, lay-figure, chair, and properties were a mingled heap on the floor; for the victous dagger-thrust which had been intended to execute summary judgment on poor Beppo, had fallen harmless on the wooden breast of my loy-figure !

The scene was so atterly comical, that even the attendant conspirators could not refrain from joining in my hearty peals of laughter, though at the expense of their mortified chief, who, slowly extricating himself from the ruin he had made, ruefully examined his dagger, which was broken at the point, from its encounter with the

stern bosom of my wooden image.
"Well, sir," I exclaimed, "what apology have you to offer for this conduct? You will have to explain it to one of the gendarmes; and forthwith I poked my head from the window, shouting, "Police!" Uscless, of course, as I knew it would be; for the three men disap peared with lightning rapidity; and it would have been in vain for me to follow them. Besides, this, as they were foiled, and Beppo safe, I was glad to let the matter rest where it was

terror which for a time haunted him, that even in Landon he was not safe from the awful "Three," has worn off. Nonina will soon join him, and they propose to set up a lodging-house near the Goddard's. May they thrive and pros-

## GOT THE BILLS MIXED.

A little child, the pet of the entire household, was taken sick at a fashionable boarding-house, a few weeks ago. A young and handsome physician, who was the medical favourite about the premises, was called in, and brought the patient safely through its illness. Later on he sent in the bill, which was for \$12, with a rebate of \$4 for kisses." The fond mother regarded this most peculiar-looking set of creatures, quite un-like the popular idea of conspirators. Two were fair, of German appearance, with spectacles; one dark and fat; the fourth was an evil-look-ing old man with grey hair and the special constant among her friends. Where the kisses enjoyment, the bill did not state. The mother

supposed, as a matter of course, that her offspring was the one meant, but some of the boarders slyly intimated that explanations were in order, and that the osculatory mystery ought to be investigated. The question was taken up and discussed until it became a subject of comment about the whole house. The innocent mother continued to exhibit the slip of paper and one day brought it out in the presence of a young and quite pretty maiden who had only lately been on the sick list.

"A rebate for kisses," she exclaimed, when the matter was explained to her, "why isn't that nice;" but then,—and she paused, while a frown appeared on her face and an angry flush crept over her cheek. Some emotion was struggling for the mastery. The flush deepened and she shook her head defiantly as she completed the sentence-" but the mean thing never cut down my bill a cent, and I don't think it is

The outburst of laughter that followed brought the fair maiden to a realization that she had said something dreadful. She had betrayed herself. In the language of the world she had "given herself dead away," and at the same time let out the secret. The careless doctor had got his bills mixed, and but for the unfortunate slip the mystery would probably never have been solved, and the juvenile patient would have received the credit of the medicate I kisses.

## AN EXTRAORIMNARY AFFAIR. It certainly was a most extraordinary affair.

and the parties interested will remember it as long as they live. The young lady was shopping in the evening. On her way home she was overtaken by a young man, an acquaintance, who asked the pleasure of escorting her home. The offer was accepted, and the two proceeded, he carrying her bundles, and making himself generally agreeable, as is the custom in such cases. Arriving at her home, she took him direct into the sitting-room, as the parlour stove was not yet up. The father and mother were sitting there, enjoying, evidently the genial warmth of the fire. On the entrance the young man noticed that the mother blushed deeply, and at the same time her husband laughed outright. It was a most boist-rous laugh, without evident premeditation, and it appeared to owe its origin to no assignable cause. The laugher gave no explanation after the explosion, but continued to look very much amused, while the colour in his wife's face deepened. To the young man this was a most embarrassing recep-Naturally enough he felt that it was something in his appearance that excited the mirth of the one and caused the blushes of the other. Involuntarily be took a hasty survey of his appearance as far as the circumstances would allow, but could perceive nothing therein calculated to upset the risibilities of any man or unduly agitate the bosom of any woman. Still he was not at his ease, and the young lady discerning it, and failing to understand the action of her parents, proposed euchre as an offset. So the two played, and the old gentleman continued to look amused, occasionally varying this accomplishment by facetious winks at his wife, whose countenance was alternately red and white. The young min became so absorbed in the game that he forgot the peculiarity of his reception, and the young lady dividing her attention between the cards and his face, lost sight of the trouble. And so they played and played, while the silence of the parents grew really oppressive, had the players but have known it. But they made no note of They played on, and all interests were swallowed up in the game. An hour passed, and then a half-hour more. It was now ten o'clock. As the hour struck the old gentleman looked up from his paper in which he had been absorbed for some little time, glauced at the players then upon the face of his wife, and immethately went into such a fit of suppressed laughter that the effort to control it very nearly precipitated him into a case of apo lexy. Fortunately, or rather unfortunately, the players did not notice this agitation. Had they looked up they could not have tailed to have noted the terribly discressed expression of the mother's face, in which the young man would have understood that some family misfortune made the I was glad to let the matter rest where it was. Ghiara, of course, had a great deal to say, and her gratitude became somewhat oppressive.

I soon left Rome for England; and am often amused when I go to Goddard's, with the recollection of Beppo's adventure. He has settled down into a steady, useful man-servant; and the terror which for a time hamited him, that even stony expression of her mother's face, and the words died upon her lips, while a thrill of fear shot through her heart. The young man took his hat, turned to bid the family a pleasant good-night, when his gaze fell upon the face of the mother, and the same thrill pierced his heart. He withdrew without a word, using all the haste possible, and went up the street to a

dazed state of mind. He learned accidentally a few days later, the cause of it all. The old lasty, having a severe cold, had taken precaution to soak her feet in hot water before retiring, and her feet were in the pail receiving the proper treatment when the young man was unexpectedly ushered in. As her skirts fell over the vessel, he failed to note the fact, and consequently prolonged his stay two solid hours. What the temperature of the water had become at that hour can easily be imagined, but what were the thoughts that passed through the miserable woman's distract-

ed mind during those two hours no one can fathom. Even she finds herself unable to clearly define them, although she has talked of but little else since that awful night.

## ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A NEW scientific periodical has appeared this week entitled Knowledge.

MR. FORSTER, it is said, was jocularly asked the other day wny he refrained from arresting Miss Parnell. The reply was short, but forcible. "If I did her mother would come over."

A CAST is being taken of Cobden's bust in the hall of the Reform Club. It is intended to serve for a public statue to be erected in memory of the great Free Trader.

MR. WALTON, an American who has backed Iroquois and Foxhall, the horses from his own country, so heavily this year, sailed for New York recently £100,000 a richer man than he landed in England last Spring.

IT is rumoured that M. Gambetta will pay a visit to England towards the end of the year to join a shooting party to which he has been invited by the Prince of Wales.

M. OPPERT DE BLOWITZ, dit O de Cologne, the fantastic correspondent of the Times, has just purchased 5,000 square metres of land at Petites-Dalles in the commune of Sasselot-le-Mauconduit. Happy man! Unique phenomenon, enriched by journalism!

It is something new for an English Prime Minister to have a body guard of police. But there is no attempt to conceal the fact that Mr. Gladstone is accompanied on his journeys by a strong body of police and detectives. Some twenty men were closely on the watch over him during his recent journey from Knowsley to Hawarden.

MR. WALTER POWELL, M.P., crossed the Bristol Channel recently in a balloon. He descended successfully at Dingestow, intending to descend again at Monmouth. He, however, went on to Hereford, where another successful descent was made, he having previously landed at St. Weonards, seven miles from Monmouth.

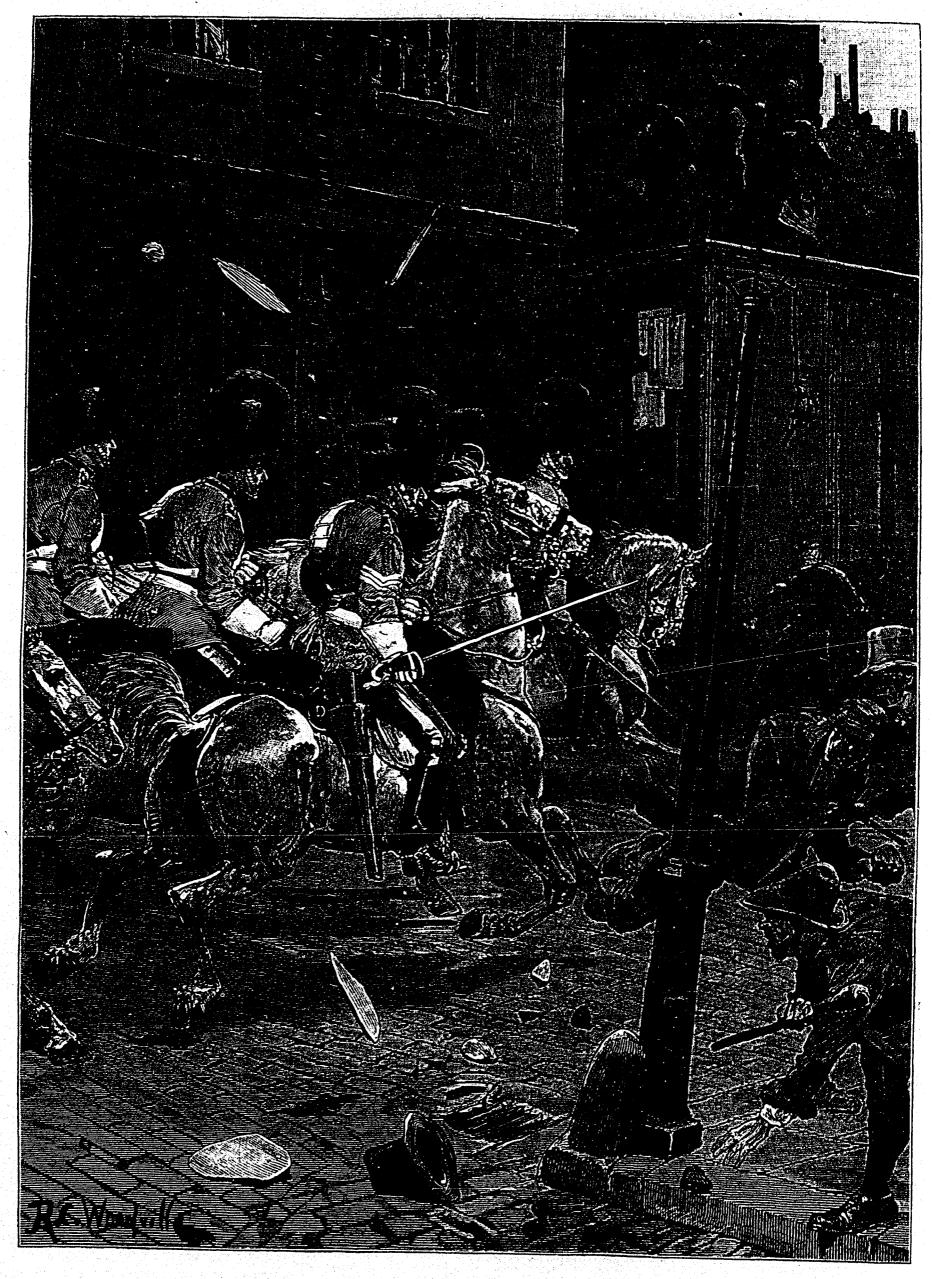
Ir seldom happens that the British Post Office loses a mail bag, as in the case of the ill-fund Clan-Macdust steamer. The bag in question contained 2,314 newspapers and 3,516 letters. There is som-thing pathetic in the thought of 3,516 epistles, written by friends at home to the same number of sojourners in foreign lands, finding a resting place at the bottom of the ocean.

THE United States banner will be carried in a prominent place in the Lord Mayor's show on the 9th, with a military escort. Such a courteous response to the compliment accorded to our flag at Yorktown is most creditable to the civic appreciation of the fitness of things. The suggestion reached the Lord Mayor on a postcard, sent by an anknown correspondent. H wever, no matter where it came from, the idea is a capital one.

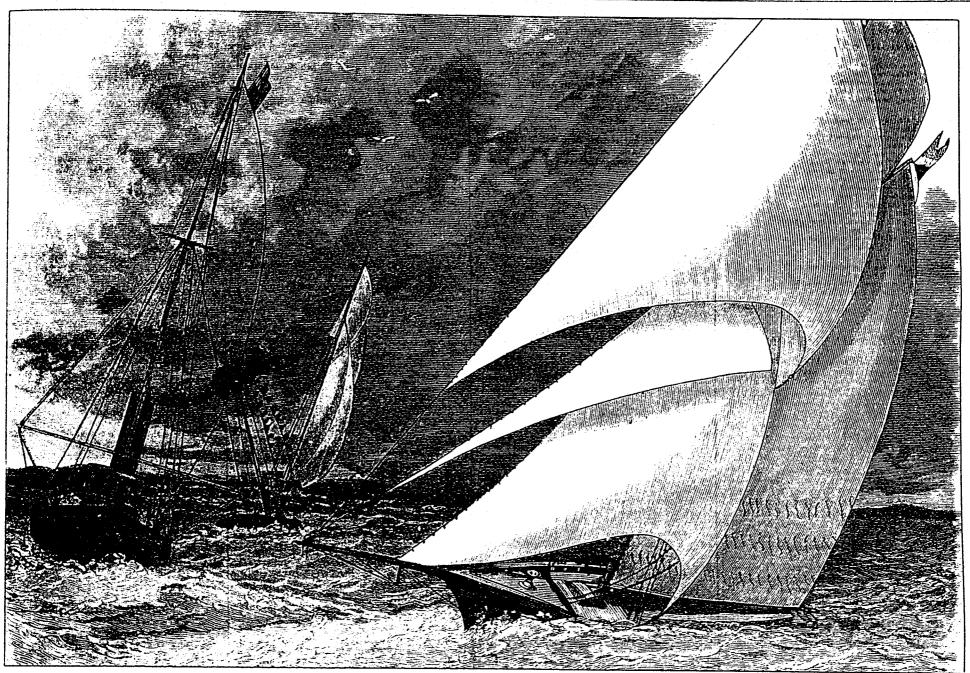
LADY BRASSEY'S nautical bazaar is a daring novelty. It seemed really impossible to get up anything new with bazaars, and yet it seemed equally impossible to get up a bazaar without one. That boat "manned" with young ludies was as pretty and effective a sight as ever I saw on or off a stage. Mr. Du Maurier was among those who were present, and it is clear that we have not heard the last of the latest association of nautical ideas with volunteered feminine cooperation in a charitable cause. These High Art Fancy Faits are getting as popular over the country as they were successful in the season in

A NEW fashion is likely to become prevalent this year, not in itself very remarkable, and certainly not very foolish, but interesting as show ing a departure from old lines. We know that fashion is a matter so feminine in its gender that it at once associates itself with ladies and their dress, and we know, too, that while in their conduct they are quite capricious in their costume they have buely taken to be slavish imitato's of men. For instance, last week at Scarborough, on a windy day, three young girls were wilking arm-in-arm. Their hair was cut s ort -so were their pettionats. Their heads were covered with jockey caps, and their bodies with little ulsters, and to all appearance, if not intent and purpose, they were light-weight jocks. Of course they had sticks in their hands, and were talking at the top of their little falsetto voices. The ulsters made the illusion perfect, because there was no suggestion of pettieouts to make you surprised they were not -the garments which Highlanders despise.

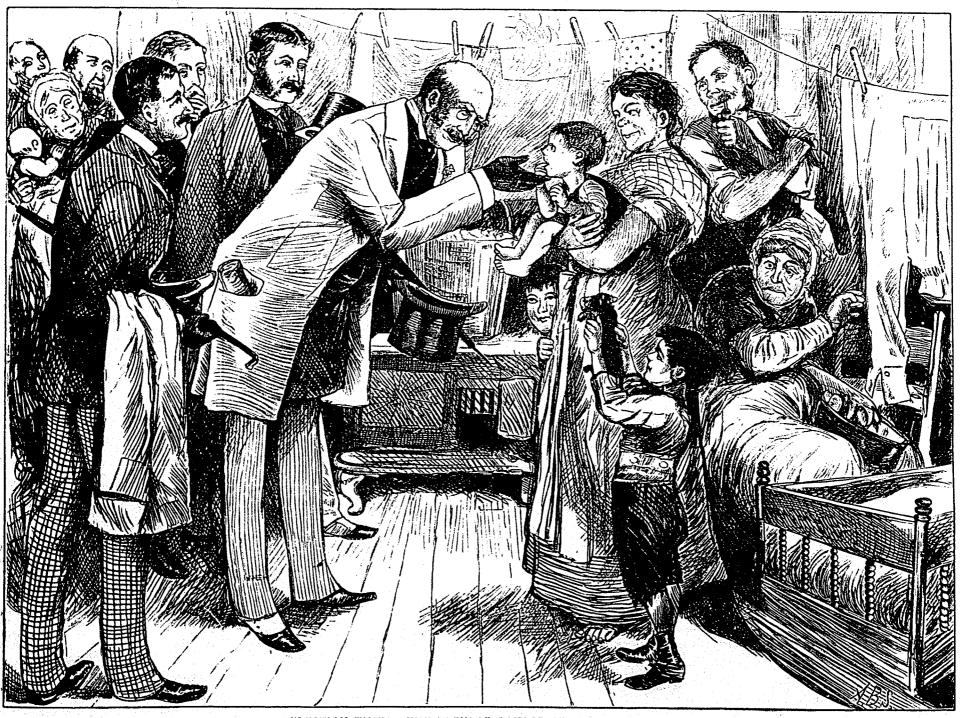
ARE you a mirtyr to headache! Suffer no longer. A remedy is found in Burdock Blood Bitters. It regulates the bowels, cleanses the system, allays nervous irritation and restores health and vigor. Sample bottle 10 cents.



IRELAND.—THE CHARGE OF THE SCOTS GREYS UPON THE MOB AT LIMERICK.



NEW YORK.—THE MISCHIEF BEATING THE ATALANTA IN THE FIRST RACE FOR THE "AMERICA" CUP.



ELECTION TIMES.—THE POPULAR CANDIDATE ON A CANVASS.

[For the NEWS.]

A KNIGHT OF ANY CENTURY.

In a sunny, sunny June Of the long ago,
Rode a gallant knight and gay,
To beguile the lonely ways
Sang he soft and loud:

"Oh, my lady, though your face I have yet to see, Rome quaint fancies I may trace Of what you will be.
Like a man's your courage high; Ne'er from honour meving; Like a maid so soft and shy; Like a weman, loving True. true-hearted, oh my heart! Self-forgetful. lowly; For the coming of your feet, wait I none too slowly. Wait to pledge my knightly faith At your royal shrine; Yow to love you until death Vow to love you until death Little lady—mine."

Forth into the world he rode With this gallant strain, Met, but passed the noble maid, For—her face was plain.

MAPLE LEAF.

### QUEEN ANNE'S SON.

While the fact of Queen Anne's decease is one of the best known truths of history, most people who have passed the age of examinations do not remember that she had any son at all Yet Queen Anne, or to be more accurate, the Princess Anne, was the mother of seventeen children, of whom only one survived to the age of eleven.
This was the little Duke of Gloucester. A servant of the Duke, a Welshman, named Jenkin vant of the Duke, a Welshman, named Jenkin Lewis, wrote a little memoir of the child, which is now very rare, or, rather, not to be obtained at all. Macaulay, "who had seen almost everything which related to the reign of William III., never mentions it," though Macaulay lived for many years at Holly Lodge, near Camden House where the little Duke of Gloucester passed most of his limited time in this world. Mr. W. J. Loftie has just reprinted Jenkin Lewis's tract, with a brief introduction. The little book has a pathetic sort of interest; the details of the young Duke's life are quaint and amusing, and, as there are but two hundred and fifty copies of the volume (published by Mr. Stanford), the fresh edition is likely soon to become as scarce as the tion is likely soon to become as scarce as the old one. As the book cannot come into the hands of many readers we propose to give a brief account of the adventures of "Le très-puissant Prince," as the child was called when he received the Garter in 1695. William, Duke of Glou-cester, was born on July 24, 1689. He was a child of that stormy year of the Revolution, when the Princess Anne chose to follow her husband and the rising sun rather than to go with her father and the declining luminary of the House of Stuart. The baby was a very weakly child, and most people forecast his early fate His first experiences of life took the shape of "convulsion-fits," and "all encouragement for convulsion-fits." Though these were the days of Dr. Rudcliffe, a belief in amateur physicians seems to have possessed the minds of the Royal parents. Just as in a fairy tale, when the King offers half his kingdom to the person who King offers half his kingdom to the person who will heal his daughter, people crowded to Court with their private nostrums. "Among the countrywoman that attended, Mrs. Pack, the wife of a Quaker, came from Kingston Wick, with a young child in her arms of a month old, to speak of a remedy which had restored her children." Prince George chancing to observe that the wife of a Quaker was a healthy-looking woman, Mrs. Pack was appointed to be the Prince's nurse. The Prince recovered from his fits, the nurse it was that died—some years later. fit, the nurse it was that died-some years later. On this sad occasion the Duke of Gioucester displayed his early possession of a Royal quality. "The Queen asked him if he vas not sorry that his nurse was dead. He said 'No, Madam,' for at his early age he had the faculty of forgetting even his greatest favourites when out of sight."

In this trait Mr. Goldwin, Smith will see the said of the said was seen as the said of the said was seen as the said was seen as the said was said to said the said was said the said was said to said the said was said to said the said was said the said was said to said the said was said to said the said was said to said the said was said the said was said to said was said to said the said was said to said the said was said to said the said was said the said was said to said the said was said the said was said the said was said to said the said was sai In this trait Mr. Goldwin Smith will recognize the innate rascality and instinctive selfishness of princes. The Duke, after recovering from his convulsive fits, was carried, for the country air to my Lord Craven's house at Kensington Gravel Pits. Somewhat later Camden House was taken and the Prince was driven out in a coach drawn by horses "which were no larger than a good mastiff." In 1693 he suffered from an ague; but Dr. Radcliffe prescribed the Jesuit's Powder (quinine), of which the Duke took large quantities "most manfully." Lewis now observed in the Duke a truly Royal love for horses and drums. For the remainder of his eleven years his Royal Highness incessantly played at soldiers, and displayed a becoming amplayed at soldiers, and displayed a decoming ambition and mart al temperament. For what were princes born but the glorious game of war? The little Duke could conceive of no more noble exercise, and (after a brief interval of wishing to be a carpenter or a smith) was drilling his servant's sons, and planning fortifications, and vapouring with sword and pistol all day long. The faithful Lewis told him anecdotes of Casar, Alexander, and other martialists, and even learned fortification to win the favour of the little Duke. But Dr. Prat, the boy's tutor, was jeslous, and himself took up the study of military engineering, "which did not so properly belong to his office, or his cloth, and thereby deprived another of the opportunity of being employed."

This unclerical action of Dr. Prat's chagrined the faithful Jenkin, and he withdrew from the lile of a Court to the service of a French mer. | advertisement cannot be translated.

chant in Roan, as he spells Rouen. But this is anticipating the course of his narrative. The little Duke's first guards were twenty boys from Kensington, accounted with paper caps and wooden swords. In 1694 he was breeched, and, being displeased with the fit of his garments, ordered his guards "to put the taylor on the wooden horse, which stood in the presence room, for the punishment of offenders, as is usual in martial law." At this time his Royal Highness's toes "turned out as naturally as if he had really been taught to do so," a grace which charmed all who were acquainted with his person. Though active and lively, he was always ailing, and seems never to have been able to go up and down stairs without help. At one time he conceived that he could go nowhere without two people to hold him, and he persisted in this fancy till his father explained to him and illustrated with cuts, the nature and properties of the birch. But this seems to have been the only time that he was whipped, and his poor little life was a happy one enough. The Queen quarrelled with Princess Anne in a sisterly way, and deprived her of her guard. The little Duke who was exercising his hoy soldiers at Kensington, ventured to tell her Majesty "that his mamma once had guards, but had none now," which, it was said, surprised the Queen a good deal." The King gave the boys twenty guineas; and, sad to tell, these Prætorians waxed wanton. "They were very rude, presuming upon their being soldiers; and would challenge men, and fall on many people as they came to and from Kensington to London which caused many complaints." Such are the defects of the military character and the dangers of a standing army. At that time the "Scots Dragoons" were reviewed by the King in Hyde Park. "They were as good troops," says Jenkin, "as ever I saw; with caps, and fuzees, and great basket-hilted swords, very long." The Duke observed these swords with interest and commanded his enter to make him interest, and commanded his cutter to make him a claymore, with which he would "swagger about the presence room." With these martial tastes the little duke combined an unaffected aversion to the exercises of religion, which, says Bishop Burn-t, "he understood beyond imagi-nation; nor could he be induced to attend family prayers. The Church, therefore, lost less than the Army, it may be, by his death. His memory was good, but he mainly used it in learning the terms of war by land and sea. He even thought out a very notable stratagem whereby to disconcert boarders in a naval battle.
"When we are at sea," he would observe,
"I will cannonade my enemies and then lie by;

so make them believe they may board us. so hake them believe they may boost us. . will send a boy up to the top-masts to let fall from thence a bag of pease, that when the enemy came to board us they will fall down by means of the pease, and I and my men will rush from the corners of the ship and cut them to pieces."
In this young general's opinion, the countries which a British commander should aim at subduing are France, Hungary, and Turkey. Had he lived, he meant to conquer them in detail, nor has the feat yet been accomplished by the forces of the House of Hanover, now happily settled on the throne which the young Duke did settled on the throne which the young Duke did not survive to occupy. When invested with the Garter, he said, "Lewis, if I fight any mor-battles, I will give harder blows now than ever" And he really thought, by being Knight of the Garter, he ought to become braver and stouter than heretofore. Bu, slas! the "Très Haut, Très Puissant, et Très Illustre Prince Guillaume," grew no stouter. The coremonial of his eleventh birthday, July 24, 1700, left him "fatigu'd and in depos'd." On the 26th he was hot and feverish. They bled and blistered the child, and he died in a delirium on July 30. His funeral was stately, and was attended by Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, his tutor-in-chief. It had been arranged that Burnet, while acting as tutor, should spend no less than ten days yearly in his diocese. "Such," says Mr. Loftie, "were the notions prevalent at the beginning of the eighteenth century as to the duties of the episcopal office." Burnet could return to them now. He had read the Psalms, Proverbs, and Gospels no this care-less little Prince, and had for two years conversed with him about geography, and "the forms of government in every country, with the interests and trade of that country, and what was both good and bad in it. . . . The last thing I exgood and bad in it. . . . The last thing I ex-plained to him was the Gothic constitution, and the beneficiary and feudal laws." Possibly all that learning wearied the child, yet he seems to have preserved his lively spirit to the end. He made his little mots, which the faithful Jenkin quotes, and appears to have been a sturdy young Prince in his menta; habit, though weak of body. It is pleasant to read of his brief life, "an endless imitation" of the ways of kings. A harmless, bloodless soldier; a despot, who only scolded his maids; a child, dwelling always in fantasy, and rehearsing for the great comedy in which he was never to play, his story is more touching, we think, than fictitious romances about the deaths of precocious infants. Mr. Loftie's little volume is one that Thackeray would have delighted in; it is like a Royal version of Dr. John Brown's Pet Marjory, and we almost regret that, as at present published, the book can reach so few people.

FRENCH advertisements are eloquent and simple; they especially speak to the ideal minded. Here is an example: "Elderly ladies unwisely attempt to bolster out their chests with cottou-the Lait de Ninon donne à la poitrine des gracieuses ondulations. The remainder of the

## FLIRTS IN GENERAL.

Mos' persons possess some good qualities, know this and wish others to know it. The process of making them known to one's own sex may be characterized under various names, while the endeavour to attract the opposite sex by them—and at the same time toying, as it were, with the passion of love—constitutes

One can obtain the appreciation of one's own sex by doing ordinary duties well; but to gain the good will of the other sex, who may not be in a position to judge of our genuine merits, requires a manner more or less artificial. Flirt. tion is therefore a forced means of making one's self agreeable to a person of the other sex. In the greater or less transparency of the artifice lies the science of flirting which has infinite shades, from unblushing coquetry to the most delicate power of fascination. Society would be a dull thing without this science. If it were possible that women should cease for a short time to care what men thought about them, most of us, moralists or not, would be glad to ee that short time ended.

Men and women flirt, but women more than men; and they also show it more. Women are less able than men to live without admiration, and have less other work in life than the labour of securing praise. At the same time they can-not so well keep their flirtations out of sight. A man travels and is in very few places really in-timately known; a woman is, in some few places at least, closely watched. None of a man's friends know precisely with how many women he flirts; a woman's friends keeps an exact account of the number of her admirers. A man to be called a flirt must flirt to the point of abandoning all other occupation; but a very little affability squandered under the form of smiles, procures the title for a woman.

A girl is a flirt who exchanges a coy glance with a middle-aged, eligible bachelor who picks up a glove she has dropped; she is something worse than a flirt—a minx—if she makes herself pleasant to another girl's betrothed. The iron rule of modesty, which men have imposed upon women as a protection against their wiles, leaves young women scarcely free to move or speak in the presence of the trousered sex with out risk of being thought "forward;" but we men themselves are much sterner in their definition of forwardness than men. In feminine judgment every girl or pretty young woman is forward, and, consequently, a flirt, who monopolizes the attention of males in a social circle. This she can do by being too modest, as well as by being not modest enough; for her own sex will not account as modesty the grace which charms without attempting to do so. Men never speak so ill of the w rst women as women do of the best among their sex who have the art of pleasing. There are men whom all other men join in praising; but there has scarcely lived a woman—wife, virgin or saint—who has not had detractors among other women. there have been some few exceptions which prove this general rule, they will be found to have flourished in the ranks of the fearfully and unutterably ugly.

Every woman has flirted; but we are not concerned with the women whose innocent flirtation are but the gush of youthful spirits, or with those who owe the title of flirt to the mere malignity of their own ex. The flirts of whim we propose to treat are those who flirt of malice prepense. In these, flirting is the art of sexual tantalization.

It may also be termed, less philosophically, the art of playing with fire and getting scorched, more or less often. All flirts burn themselves, once at least. Some squeal when they but singe their finger-tips and retire straightway from the game with their eyes full of tears. These are third-class flirts, having no real heart in the play. The recollection of their first smart makes them redden and tingle till they become old women, when perhaps they smile and wish the burn could come over again. It was a third-class flirt who, on the strength of a short and sharp acquaintance with the ways of the other sex, invented such sayings as "Man is perfidious.'

The second class flirts get frequently burned without ever quite inuring themselves to the pain. They resemble dullish boys who play at football because they must, but never surmount the fear of being shinned. Sometimes the second class flirt gives up playing and learns to laugh at her burns; more often she goes on till she can play no longer, and wearily sums up her experience of the sport as "all burns and no pleasures."

But the first-class flirt cares not a pin for corches. She is the salamander who lives in the fire. Sparks fly round her and she revels in them; she is all over scars, and surveys them complacently as a soldier does his wounds. Flirt from the nursery, flirt in her teens, flirt in her prime, she continues flirting when she is an old woman and flirts on her death-bed with the doctor. If she could come to life for a moment in her coffin, she would flirt with the undertaker. Commend us to this class of flirt for making the heads of men flame like the tops of lucifer matches. She sets quiet households afire; everything turns to tinder on her passage, and when she is buried an odor of brimstone hovers over her tomb. Her old lovers would be afraid to lift up the grave slab that covers her lest they should see little blue-forked flames leap out dia bolically.

Shakespeare, who wrote under the reign of a flirt, had plenty to say in disparagement of 000fr.

women, and drew many flirts without giving them that name. Portia and Beatrice were both pretty fair triflers, and so was Rosalind, of whom her lover warbled:

> As the cat seeks after kind, So will lovely Rosalind.

But a good apology for flirting is put into Othello's mouth when he says, in defence of Desdemons, that it is no reproach to a woman if she lays herself out to be pleasing. He subsequently departed from this view, when he smothered his wife; but this little piece of hastiness did not alter the soundness of his previous conclusions clu-ions.

The truth is that Shakespeare lived in an age when centuries of knight-errantry, joustings, floral games, courts of love and what not, had women to think a vast deal of themselves. They flirted more than now perhaps, only men had learned to bear it better. A poor wretch who had been fighting three years for his lady-love in the Holy land returned to claim her after this probation; but their meeting befell on a day when it means the state of t day when it was pouring cats and dogs; whence it arose that the knight, as he threw himself at his mistress' feet, with both knees in a puddle, besought her to get under shelter and cast his mattle over her shoulders. The lady, instead of being touched by this care for her health, was indiguant. "What!" she exclaimed. "If you have eyes to perceive that it rains at such a moment as this you cannot love me!" And she condemned him for his breach of gallantry, to remain silent for a whole year, if he would win her. That sort of thing would not do now-adays. It belonged to an epoch when women deled on their silent and the sould will be something to the sould be something. doled out their smiles economically and thought a man well indemnified for wounds or chronic rheumatism by leave to kiss their finger-tips.

It was the Puritans who, in England, first re-

minded women that they were made to suckle fools and chronicle small beer. Drab gowns and a modest demeanour were the things they enjoined, and women have testified thair appreciation of this reform by their unwavering retro-spective allegiance to the cavalier party ever since. Charles II. did but restore the reign of since. Charles II. did but restore the reign of women for a brief space; and soon the Georgian era was to come, with its days of hard-drinking, which turned men into sots, unfit to be flirted with. When gallants rolled under the table after dinner, of what power were soft glances and witching smiles? The bottle is woman's worst rival; she knows it; and the only wonder is that, in the fierce tussle for supremacy which now ensued between drink and women. which now ensued between drink and women, the receptacle for liquor should have been able

to hold its own for more than a hundred years. There never was such a graceless, loveless, flirtless period as the last century. Men treated women like tavern wenches, and, having wooed them between two hiccoughs, eloped with them on the spur of a tipsy impulse. There were Mayfair marriages, Fleet marriages and mar-riages at Gretna Green. The hot blood of the day, whiskified and lustful, was too impatient to brook a long courtship or the delay of banns or license. The Duke of Hamilton married one of the Misses Gunning with a bed-curtain ring; and abductions of heiresses by penniless rakes were so frequent that Parliament had to legislate on the matter. In that period of rowdy boozings, prize-fights, cock-fights, punch clubs and duels, society staggered and its morals smelt of the bagnio. It was deemed a compliment to a wowan to make her the toast of a drunken orgie; and as many women passed over to the enemy, which they had fruitlessly combated, and began to drink as hard as the men. Powder and patches came into fa-hion to hide flushed cheeks and swollen eyelid.

Hah! it reeks with a foul whiff, that corrupt eighteenth century; and nothing less than the five-and-twenty years' war which ushered in the nineteenth was needed to make its men sober and its women coy once more. In the life of camps the love for women burns with a purer light, and the brave are ever gentle, courteous and timid toward the weak. Then poets arose amid the clash of arms; and after Waterloo, Scott, Byron, Moore and the Lakeists drew English thoughts towards chivalrons romance and pastoral idyl. The accession of a girl queen did the rest; and gradually, as the sovereign's influence, as wife and mother, pervaded the court and spread thence over the people, woman's ascendancy swelled to the full flood again, till it eventually overflowed and feminized the whole

surface of society.

We now-a-days heap all our luxury on our women. Men have renounced the gold-laced coats, ruffles and jeweltery of their forefathers; but they cover their women with the costliest of textures and with rivers of too plain or ugly for male attire, nothing too gaudy for woman's; and while the tailor's bill shrinks every year through the invention of rough colourless cloths impossible to wear out, the milliner's expands every season, because the ingenuity of modistes is forever devising tints so delicate that they can hardly bear the light, and trains so long that they are unfit for walk-

TEN millions of francs have been spent on the Church of the Sacred Heart on the hill of Montmartre, and the edifice is hardly above ground. The building will cost another twelve millions and the decoration at least five millions. The Grand Opera cost 52,000.000fr., and it is not yet fluished. The new Post Office wil cost 30,000,000fr., and the Hôtel de Ville 40,000,

#### LAUREL.

What's this hue and cry of "laurel," Musea' suitors in a quarrel—Food for wise men's mirth! What's in laurel? what is laurel, More than yarrow, Lrake, or sorrel, Common tribes o' the earth!

Any other plant's as holy, Arbute, caprifole, or moly, lyy in the mesh; Heart's-ease, good for melancholy; Jessamioe, for plenarre solely; Hawthorn, gay and fresh.

Can it be that Daphne, hidden, Smiles among the leaves unchilden — Faithless runaway ? Oh, I think 'tis Daphne, hidden. Gives the brush its charm ferbidden :--Daphne's in the bay!

EDITS M. THOMAS

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montresl,—Papers to hand. Thanks. J. N., St. John, N. B.—Letter received. Thanks. The game shall appear very such.

The Montreal Chess Club bas recently been visited by two gentlemen, who led, no doubt, by their love for the royal game, feel constrained in their travels to present themselves wherever chessplayers are gathered together, and, led us add, with a sure pressage that on account of their shill over the board they will receive a bearty welcome. The one is Mr. A. P. Barnes, of New York, and the other Mr. H. N. Kittson, of Hamilton, Ont. The former was, ustil lately, Game Editor of Brentano's Chess Magazine, and the latter is a prominent member of the Hamilton Chess Club.

Both these gentlemen contested games with the members of the Montreal Chess Club, with results, the particulars of which have not reached us, and insangels as these eucounters were mere off-hand performances, it is of little consequence who were the victors.

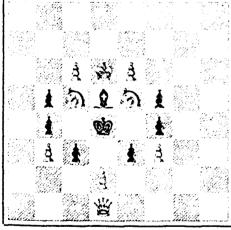
We see it binted that there is some prospect that the year 1982, which is now near at hand, will witness a grant Congress of chessplayers in London. England. We hope that there is some foundation for the rumour, and that the event will be of such a character as to be creditable in every respect to the great Metropolie. In such a gathering one would like to see chess representatives from all parts of the civilized world. In order to accomplish this, however, the prizes of the Tourney should be sufficiently large to induce the most skifful players to attend, and numerous enough to give every contestant a reasonable chance of success. To bring about all this, however, it might be advisable to call item chess clubs at home and elewhere to contribute towards the great expenses which must necessarily at tous an undertaking of this nature. There is herdit a nige member of a shees club in any part of the world who would not, in some way or other, derive benefit from such a meeting of chess celebraties, and we feel convinced that there are few who would not willingly sol in the matter.

A match by telegraph was commenced last exening tetween Messra. Northcote and Starke, of the Toronto chess Club, and Messra. Funchard and Alien, of the tetroit Chess Club. The match is the heat of three games, the first of which was played last hight and won by Toronto — Toronto Globe, Nor. 17.

We hear that the match between Toronto and Deront was brought to a courtier in last Saturday in favor of Foronto, the coure being Toronto two games won, Derontone, EDITOR C. C.

Mr. Blackburns informs me that a friend of his has placed £.0 At his disposal for the purpose of arranging a match, or a fournament. Upon hearing this news. I understand that some other votaries of the game offered to subscribe another £60 on condition that its whole amount be given as a prize in a fournament to be held next year at Simpson's Divan." MANS, from mile News.

> PROBLEM No. 356 Br J. P. Taylor



## OAME 48380.

CHESS IN COLOGNE.

This brilliant specimen of blindfold play is said to be the only serious game which Mr. Steinitz has played for some years. For depth of combination and resplendent skill it is rarely surpassed by games played over the board. It was played at Cologne on the 27th of September, 1881, Mr. Steinitz playing sans voir against Herren Kockelkorn and Wemmers in consultation. The notes are from the Someter, 1881. are from the Sountage Blatt.

(Steinitz (inmbit.) White, - (Mr. S.) Binck .- (K unit W.)

1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to Q B 3	2. Kt to K B 3
J. P to K B 4	3. P to Q 4
4. P takes K P	4. Kt takes P
5. Kt to B 3	5. Kt to Q B 3
6. B to Kt 5	6. B to K 2
7. Caating	7. Castles
H. Q to K aq	g. P to B 4
9. P to Q 3	9. Kt takes Kt (a)
10. Ptakes Kt.	10, B to K 3
11. P to Q 4	11. Kt to R 4
12. Q to Kt 3	12, P to B 3
13. Kt to Rt 5	13. Q to Q 2
14. B to Q 3	14. P to Q K t 4
15. P to Q R 41	15. P to Q R 3 (b)
16. Kt takes B	16. Q inkes Kt
17. Q to R 3	17. P to Kt 3
18. H to R &	18. R to R 9

). Piakes P	19. R P takes P
2. Q to Kt 3	20. B to B aq
l. B to Kt 5	21. B to Kt 2
2. P to R 4	22. P to K R 4 (c)
3. B to Q 2 (d)	23. Q R to R 2
I. Q to Kt 5	24. Kt to B 5
5. R takes R	25. R takes R
8. B to B an	
7. P to Kt 4	26. R to K B 2 (c. 27. R P takes P
P to R 5	
. Il takes P	28 I'takes P
Q takes H P	29. Q to K 2
P takes H (f)	30. B takes P
2. B to Kt 5	31. Kt takes P
K to R ag	32. Q to B 1 ob
l. R to B 4	33. Q to B f
5. B to R 6 (2)	34 Q taken P
R takes P oh (h)	35 Q to R 4
7. Q takes Kt ch	
G B to Kt 7 cb	37. K to R eq
	38. K to Kt sq ti
9. B to B 3, dla ch	Renigna.

#### NOTES.

(a) They cannot retreat to B 4, because of the reply K

takes P. (b) If 15... Kt to B 5, Black gets a bad game as the following continuation will show: 15... Kt B 5 to P takes P, P takes P 17—R R 6, and White has gamed in

position.

(c) 22—P R 3 would be bad, for, after Z1—B R 6. K R 2 (best), 24—P R 5 (best) his position is untenable (d) The beginning of a fine combination. The design was not discovered by the silies until the next move when it was too late. At his point the intended assault might, perhaps, be parried by K R 2 so as to protect the K t P, and to be able to meet Q K; 5 with Q K 2.

(c) He could make no move which would prevent the alvance of the K t P.

The plausible move, P B 4, results disastronally, e.g..

disastronaly, e.g.	
26	26 P B 4
27 P K+4	27. R P takes P
28 PRS	28. Pigles QP
29. R Pinkes P	29. Q takes K P
30. BB4	30. Q K 3
11. B takes P	-31, Q Kt3
32. B B 7 !	Bh. Ritakes B
33. B K 6 ch and	
mates in three	

(f) He might have won by III—Q Kt field.
(g) Threatening mate in three moves by Bi—Q 1.5
h. They could not draw by R takes B
(h) Q Kt Seb would force mate in five moves.
(f) If R takes B White mates in two moves.
—From Turl, Field and Farm.

moves

## SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 354. W bate

1. On QR = 2 Matexacc I. Any Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 352.

White. 1. K takes Q Kt P. 2. Mates acc.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 353.

White. Black. KatQKt5 QatQ7 BatKB4 BatKRaq KtatKB# Pawns at Q 4. K R 2 and 4

White to play and mate in two moves



## Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, July 25th, 1881. MIXED. MAIL EXPRESS

	}	13121		
	Leave Hochelaga for		***************************************	*** *****
	Ottown	-	io is . tal .	5.15 p.m
	Arrive at Ottawa.		1.10 p.m.	9.55 p.m
	Lance (Many for Ho		1.10 1.111.	2-14- j. di
	chelaga	######################################	5.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m
	Arriv at Hochelaga.		12 50 p.m	3.35° p. 10.
	Leave Howhelaga for		re on pain	
		francisco de la resensa	7.00	10,00 p.m
	Quebec			639 a m
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	che iga		1 .10 a.m	
	Arrier at Hochelaga		5 (#) p.m.	6.30 A.M
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	Jerome	5.30 p.m.	*****	
	Arrivent St Jerome	745 p.m.		
	Leave St. Jerome for			
	Horbelaga	6.45 s.m	****	
	Arrive at Hochelaga	9.(X) A.m		
	Leave Hootelaga for			
	Joliette.	- 5.00 p.m.		
	Arrier at Joliette	- 7.25 p.m.		
	Leave Joliette for Hoche-			
	lagu.			
ı	Arrive at Hochelaga			
1	(Laseal trains between 1	A bas llul:	ylmer.i	
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- 1				

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the

PURE, SOLUBLE, REFRESHING. His often asked," Why does my doctor recommend Cadbury's Cocoa Essence C. The reason is that heing absolutely genuine, and concentrated by the removal of the superfluous fat, it contains FOUR TIMES the AMOUNT of NITROGENOUS or FLESH FORMING CONSTITUENTS than the average of other Cocoas

which are mixed with sneur and starch CANADIAN DEPOT: 34, RADEGONDE ST., MONTREAL. Beware of imitations, which are often pushed by Shopkeepers for the sake of extra profit.

## Montreal Post-Office Time-Table

NOVEMBER, 1881

-				
DIENTES	MAILS.	CLOSING.		
A. M. P. M.	ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES.	A. M.	Р. М.	
÷ 9 00	(A) Catawa by Railway	8 15	8 00	
F 8 40	(A) Province of Ontario,		8 00	
: 	Manitoba & B. Columbia Ottawa River Route up to	8 15		
	Carillon		• • • • • •	
	QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES.			
# 60(	Quebec, Three Rivers, Ber-		6 (10	
5 35	Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, Sorel, per steamer. Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, Sc., by Q. M. O. &		6 00	
	thier, &cc., by Q. M. O. &		1 50	
÷ 61	O. Railway  (B) Quebec by G. T. Ry  (B) Eastern Townships		8 00	
5 11,	Three Rivers Arthubasks	1		
1	& Riviere du Loup R. R		8.00	
12	& Riviere du Loup R. R Cocidental Railway Main Line to Onawa. Do St. Jerome and St.	7 100	! 	
A 200	Do St. Jer me and Sr.		1 36	
	Liu Branches Do St. Jerome & St. Janvier	•••••		
11 30	Janvier	7 00	· • · · · ·	
1	St. Remi. Hemmingford & Laprairie Railway		2 15	
3 (0), 12 45	St Hausintha Starbenoka		2 15 8	
- · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	Coat cooke, &c		8 00	
10 00:	Armand Station	7.00	••••	
10 0/0	Armand Station			
2 (0)	South Eastern Railways		4 45	
8 (4),	Santo 6 D P I	, ,	8 00	
:	Newfoundland, forwarded		0 00	
1	daily on Halifax, whence	:		
'	leaving Halifax on the			
	7th and 21st November	· · · · •	8 00	
	LOGAL MAILS.			
2 45	Valleyfield, Valois & Dor			
11.22	val		4 34)	
11 30	Beaubarnois Route			
0.000 5.00	Varennes & Vercheres Cote St. Antoine and Notre		1 45	
j	Dame de Grace	9.00		
2 (0 5 3)	Hochelaga	3 (0 6 90	2 (9)	
10 (6) 5 36	and the second second	6 00		
10 30	Longueuil.	6 (10)		
10 ou;	Laprairie Longueuil New Glasgow, St. Sophie by Occidental Railway	:		
	DISBOD.		4 30	
161 180	Longue Pointe, Pointe aux-	.6 00	2.00	
F 30 0 30 4	Trem. & Charlemagne  Point St. Charles  St. Cun-gonde.	C 100	1 15 5	
11 30	St. Lambert	; 6 (4)	2 15	
1	18: Laurent, St. Marrin &	7.00		
11 30 5 30	St. Eustache	1	:	
FO 06	Saulton Recollect & Post	6 90	2 (8)	
•			3 30	
30 (4) + 50	St. Jean Baptiste Village, Mile-End & Cotean St			
	Louis	11 45		
	UNITED STATES	•	?	
2 110		:	-	
	Boston & New England States, except Maine.	7 00	5 40	
41/	New York and Southern	6 (4)	2 15&	
# 065 TV 36	Haland Pond, Portland &		5 40 2 30 8	
tu	Now York and Southern tales.  (Island Pond, Portland & Maine.  (A) Western & Pacific States.			
	States	= 15	8 00	
i c	REAT BRITAIN, &c.	:	i	
By Canadian	Line on Friday		7.30	
By Canadian	Line for Germany on Pri-			
			i	
Britain and	Germany, Saturday, Great Monday, Monday, 1st, 15th and 25th	(W)	3 25	
Do. Suppl	lementary, 1st, 15th and 20th			
Notember By Parket to	on New York for England		2 12	
on Wednes	m New York for England, Say 2 American Packet to Ger		2 15	
By Hambury	American Packet to Ger	•	2.5	
(A) Postal (B)	Car Bags open till 8.45 a.m., Do 9.00 p.m.	and P	15 p.m	
( 101	1141 Section 1			

## Mails leave for Lake Superior and Bruce Mines, &c.

Mads for phoces on Lake Superior will leave Windsor on Mondays. Wednesdays and Fridays. Mails for Bruce Mines, Gurden River, Little Current, &c., will leave Parry Sound on Tuesdays.

## Mails leave New York by Steamer :

For Bahamas, 5th and 22nd November. Berminda, 3rd and 17th 1

Cabe and Porto Rico, 10th, 17th and 24th November, " Cabs. Porto Rica & Mexico, 3rd, 17th & 24th Nov.

" Cubs and Mexico. \*\* Curaçoa and Venezuela, 12th & 26th November.

Januaien and West Indies, 17th November.

Annaica and the U.S. of Columbia (except Panama), 11th and 25th November.

" St. Thomas and Barbadoes.

\* For Hayti direct, 4th, 15th and 25th November, " Hayti, Sr. Domingo and Turks Island, 1st Nov.

" Hayti and Marnemba.

Porto Rico, 9th, 23rd and 39th November.

Santiago and Cientuegos, Cuba, Sth November.

" South Pacific and Central American Forts, 10th, 19th and 36th November.

" Brazil and the Argentine Republic, 5th and 18th November.

" Windward Islands, 5th and 22nd November. Greytown, Nicaragua, 10th November.

## Mails leave San Francisco:

For Australia and Sandwich Islands, 19th November For China and Japan, 4th and 19th November



and and stylish assortment of Ladies. Geotlemen a and Children's FURS to be found in the city.

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R. W. COWAN & CO'S, THE HATTERS AND FURRIERS.

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## CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Emory's Bar to Port Moody.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Tender for Work in British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the under signed up to NOON on WEDNESDAY, the list day of PERRUARY next, in a lump sum, for the construction of that portion of the mad between Port Moody and the West-end of Contract 60, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 85 miles.

of about 85 miles.

Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Cauadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminster, and at the Chi-f Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

This timely notice is given with a view to giving Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.

in.

Mr. Marcus Smith, who isl in charge at the office at
New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractors all
the information in his power.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the
printed forms, addressed to F. Braun. Esq., Sec. Dept
of Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for
C.P.R."

F. BRAUN,

Dept. of Railways and Canals, } Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881.

## BANK OF MONTREAL,

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of

## Four per cent. and a Bonus of One per cent.

upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution, have been declared for the current half-year and that the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this city: and at its Branches, on and after THURSDAY, the Is day December next.
The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the

30th of November next, both days inclusive-

By order of the Board

Montreal, 21st October, 1881.

W. J. BUCHANAN. General Manager.

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A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used dairy. Keeps the scalp healths, presents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the samily. 250, per bottle.

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Cures all Diseases of the SKIN in MAN or BEAST. Makes the hands soft and smooth. LE ASK FOR BURTON'S



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Ask for LEA and PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World. To be obtained of

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in every family where Economy and Health are studied.

It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Ralla, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity
used in Pie Crust. Puddings, or other Pastry, will save
half the usual shortening, and make the food more
directible. digestible.

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# South Eastern Railway

Montreal and Boston Air Line

THE DIRECT AND REST ROUTE

# White Mountains,

Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell, Worcester, Providence.

and all points in NEW ENGLAND, also to the EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

On and after MONDAY, JUNE 27th, South Eastern Railway Trains will run to and from Bonaventure Station as follows:---

## LEAVE MUNTREAL

DAY EXPRESS running through to Boaton at \$20 a.m., with Pariour Car.

LOCAL TRAINS to Knowlton and All Way Stations

LOCAL TRAINS to Knowline and All Way Stations this side at 5.00 p.m., on Saturdays at 2.00 p.m., instead of 5.00 p.m., and arrive on Mondays at 2.00 p.m., instead of 9.15 a.m.

NIGHT EXPRESS, with Pultum Steeper, through to Hoston at 6.00 p.m., will stop only at Chambly, Capton. West Parcham, and Cowanavitia, between 5t. Lombert and Suites Junction. except on Saturdays, when this train will stop at all stations.

## ARRIVE AT MONTREAL NIGHT EXPRESS from Boston at 8.25 a.m.

LOCAL TRAINS from Enowition and Way Stations at 9.15 a.m., on Mondays at 8.25 a.m., instead of 9.15 DAY EXPRESS from Boston at 8.45 p.m.

Express Train arriving at 8.25 a.m., will stop daily at Richelieu, Chambly, Casion and Chambly Rasio.

The most comfortable and elaborate Sleeping Cars rau on the night trains that enter Bonaveriure Station.

ALL CARS AND TRAINS run between Bonaven ure Station, Montreal, and Boston WITHOUT CHANGE. Baggange checked through to all principal points in NEW ENGLAND.

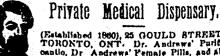
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